

Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 27, 1964 25 CENTS



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And just when you'd planned to spend your next vacation at home, puttering around the house.

Contents

JANUARY 27, 1964 Volume 20, Number 4

Cover photographs by Del Stulley and Richard Jeffery

18 Superchamps in Deep Trouble

Palmer and Nicklaus expected to duel in 1964, but they never thought the first meeting would be at sea

24 The Most Expensive Sports Event

Exclusive: the seating plan for the Liston-Clay fight is disclosed in a drawing. Also the—wow!—prices.

26 Down Bloody Nose Lane

That is the route Michigan players take to the basket, and they took it often enough to run over Ohio State

30 Innsbruck: An Arena for Heroes

- 32 *Racer Egon Zimmermann leads Austria's Wunderteam*
- 40 *The pretty Russians may sweep ladies' speed skating*
- 42 *Norway's Toralf Engen is the world's best jumper*
- 46 *Eero Munttyranta is master of the cross-country tracks*
- 52 *Kilian-Blauser will bring Germany a figure skating medal*
- 54 *A dour Italian guides his bobsled like a virtuoso*
- 58 *The fairly amateur U.S. hockey team will try for an upset*

66 The Fastest Boy in the West

Geary Lindgren is only 17, a high school senior and 118 pounds, but he is the new sensation of U.S. track

72 Exploring—Ugh!

How three would-be scientists set off for a low canyon with high hopes, 200 mosquitoes and a mosquitoeske

The departments

- | | |
|------------------|----------------------|
| 10 Scorecard | 84 For the Record |
| 65 People | 87 Basketball's Week |
| 66 Track & Field | 89 19th Hole |



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At knowledgepoints on page 34

Next week

THE ROUGHEST TEAM in the National Hockey League may prove to be the best as well as the toughest. A look at Chicago's bruising Black Hawks both on and off the ice.

FOOTBALL INNOVATOR Fritz Crisler, the man who gave the colleges the two-platoon game, talks over changes he has in mind for the sport he has influenced profoundly.

"TO THE STARS" is the motto of John Doy, no Olympian, but not for lack of trying. The 54-year-old Oregon rancher will try again in 1968 to make our cross-country skiing team.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Barney L. James

With all their color and excitement, the events of the Winter Olympics are no more engrossing than the personalities of the young champions who take part. Unfortunately, the spectator rarely sees much of the participants; they are only a flash and a blur as they streak down a slope or dart in toward a hockey goal. Even on the victory podium afterward, the new heroes accept their prizes with the small smiles and shy waves that have become Olympic traditions in themselves. Yet not too long ago each one of these magnificent competitors was a youngster—in Colorado or the Tyrol or Finnish Lapland—giving a first hint of great skill or purpose. The story of these young sportsmen and women and how they came to make the journey, long in years and miles, to the Olympic arena in Innsbruck, is told, in 32 pages of words and pictures, in this pre-Olympic issue.

Writers and photographers working under the general guidance of Senior Editor Ezra Bowen assembled the story during weeks of work in Europe, Asia and North America. The magnificent Russian women speed skaters were photographed at the world championships in Japan and later interviewed and observed in training inside the U.S.S.R. In an effort to do justice on film to the skills of the Austrian skiers, Photographer Jerry Cooke tried to follow them on a run; though his zeal was equal to the challenge, his ski technique was not, and on one particularly puzzling turn

he shot over a snowbank, tumbled into the adjacent forest and had to be extricated by mountain troops. To show Finland's cross-country star Eero Mantiyanta in his habitat, Writer Don Conner and Photographer Brian Seed traveled to northern Finland, where they were allowed only half an hour a day for pictures. Not that Mantiyanta was inhospitable or uncooperative; quite the contrary. But in northern Finland in mid-December the sun rises and sets in that brief time and en route casts only the grayest and most oblique light. Conner and Seed also were cautioned against walking about at night, not because of the hostility of people but because of that of the weather—down to 50° below zero.



Although feeling it was more important to gather the human

story of some of these champions than to discuss in detail the prospects of various national victories, we did not wish to neglect the statistically minded. Officially no one ever wins an Olympics, but from the first day sportsmen in every country are busily adding up medals or points. Our form chart on pages 38 and 39 shows that the Russians are favored to win most of the gold medals in Innsbruck, thanks largely to the prowess of their girls at speed skating and cross-country skiing—not highly developed sports in this country. But the U.S. has a good chance of a medal or two in the Alpine ski races, which are the glamour events of the whole glorious show.

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SHOPWALK

Simple, lightweight ski gear—and sturdy legs—is all that is required for touring

As lift lines grow longer and slopes more crowded, a small band of adventurous skiers are rediscovering the joys of touring and cross-country skiing, sports that almost disappeared in the U.S. with the advent of ski towns in the 1930s. The best equipment comes from the Scandinavian countries where these sports are the most popular.

The Kongsberg ski (shown) is a good example of a standard Nordic touring ski. It is made of multilaminated hickory and birch and is narrower and lighter than an Alpine ski (this enables a skier to move easily over



the snow). G. U. Sports of 1123 Second Avenue, Seattle, imports the ski (\$37.50).

The binding in the illustration is extremely simple—it is merely a U-shaped clamp that holds a boot against the toeplate so that the heel is free to move up and down in the bent-knee stride of the cross-country skier. Rensselaer of Sweden makes the binding, and it can be purchased from John Waterton of Silva, Inc., 671 Overlook Avenue, Ridgefield Park, N.J., for \$5.95.

A cross-country boot is cut much lower, and has greater flexibility than a regular ski boot. The one shown above costs \$21.50 at Waterton's.

The ski pole in the drawing (\$9.95 at Waterton's), like the boot and binding, is for the more proficient cross-country skier. It is made of bamboo, weighs about half as much as a standard steel pole and has cork handles that make it easy to grip.

For skiers bent on exploring high-altitude snowfields in the West, ski shops advise buying equipment almost identical to that used by Alpine skiers during pre-ski low days. Beem's Mountain Ski is wader than a regular touring ski but is still narrower and lighter than a modern downhill ski. Like the

continued

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From powder to party Maine has it. Why wait in slow lift lines? Drive to Maine on snow-free expressways. You'll get more runs and more fun for your money where the snow is deeper, the season is longer and the skiing is great.

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Ski Maine Assn. in cooperation with the Maine Dept. of Economic Development

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SHOPWALK *continued*

Kongsberg Touring Ski, it is made of hickory and birch with hardwood edges and is sold by O.U. Sports for \$39.95.

Even boots for mountain touring remind one of early Alpine skiing in America. Wic-torn's (\$19.50) are lightweight, flexible and do not have a steel shank in the sole. They do, however, give slightly more support than the cross-country boot. The Marker Clou



MARKER CLOU

KONGSBERG

TOURING BOOT

swivel plate in the drawing is also well suited for high-country skiing. It converts a touring binding to an Alpine version (to get down a mountain), with a lateral safety release, by removing the two front screws in the toeplate and putting the cables back in



MARKER CLAMP

place. The swivel action thus gives needed safety to skiers on unpacked slopes far from the ski area. Dartmouth Skis, Inc. of Hanover, N.H., distributes them (\$6.95).

The Marker Steckbacken clamp can also be used to convert downhill skis into touring skis. It is a toeplate, adjustable to any boot size, that simply slips into the notch of a Marker toeplate and behind the front cable hooks (above). Release the cables from their notches, and you are ready to tour. It costs \$4.95 at Dartmouth Skis.

—PAUL STEWART



What's a sports car rally champ doing in a '64 Chrysler?

What would you drive after beating the world's finest road cars in a specially prepared '63 Chrysler—and winning the Sports Car Club of America Rally Championship? Scott Harvey's got the answer. The latest edition of the machine that did the job for him in '63... the 1964 Chrysler 300. (Shown above.) This one's as hot as its predecessor, with all the engineering stamina great automobiles are made of.

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SCORECARD

FORECAST FOR THE ILTF

Britain's Lawn Tennis Association voted overwhelmingly last week to seek permission to stage experimental championships open to both amateurs and professionals at Wimbledon in 1965 and 1966. The proposal will be put forward at the International Lawn Tennis Federation's annual meeting in Vienna next July. "We are anxious to banish the hypocrisy which is doing tennis so much harm," said J. Eaton Griffith, tough-minded president of the ILTF and vice-president of the LTA.

We are anxious, too, and hope the proposal succeeds. Similar motions in the past have had bad luck. In 1960 a proposal for open tennis failed because a committed delegate with decisive votes to cast was, at the time of the balloting, in the washroom. Since then, opposition to the idea has hardened. In 1961 Australia, with 12 votes, reversed its previous stand and decided against open tennis. In 1962 Australia was joined by the U.S. with another dozen votes.

Australia's 1964 position will not be known for a few weeks, but Griffith is hopeful that the British proposal will gain American support. He is firmly opposed to Britain's going it alone, but if France and the U.S. support the motion and it still fails, a quiet rebellion may occur. Many close to the heart of British tennis believe that in such a situation Britain will try to persuade her supporters to ignore the ILTF and go ahead without it in the organization of open tennis.

THE RING BEHIND THE CURTAIN

For the past several years Soviet physicians and boxing coaches have been studying the effects of boxing on health. Most of the doctors have concluded, according to the *Medical Tribune*, that "the harmful effects of boxing on health cannot be supported by convincing data, but, on the contrary, with proper training and medical control, the sport can promote the physical development and health of the athlete."

Trainers in the U.S. would agree unani-

mously with one Soviet conclusion: that the more skilled a boxer is, the less likely he is to be knocked out. Thus, the Boxing Federation's executive secretary reported that in the 1956 U.S.S.R. Championships one bout in 20 ended in a K.O., whereas four years later, when skills had greatly increased, knockouts occurred only once in every 100 bouts.

Let the U.S. Olympic team take notice that there are now 214,000 boxers in the Soviet Union.

ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT

The Chapel-by-the-Lake of the First Baptist Church in West Palm Beach, Fla. has a beautiful lawn sloping down toward Lake Worth and an ideal seawall from which to fish. Except during church services and on Sunday, everyone has been welcome to use the grounds for fishing.

Until recently, that is. Thoughtless fishermen have been leaving dead fish on the lawn, enough so that their effluvia has become a nuisance to churchgoers, not to mention ministers. After some consideration of what to do, a sign, lettered in modified Gothic, went up on the church lawn.

"Thou Shalt Not Fish," it said.

CHECKMATE FOR CHARLIE

For two years Charles O. Finley, an insurance salesman who bought the Kansas City Athletics in 1960, has been trying to move the A's elsewhere—practically anywhere elsewhere. The whole matter has been reminiscent of John Steinbeck's declaration in *Travels with Charley*: "The virus of restlessness begins to take possession of a wayward man, and the road away from Here seems broad and straight and sweet, the victim must first find in himself a good and sufficient reason for going. This to the practical bum is not difficult."

Finley has the reason—he says he is losing money—but he is not as free to go as Steinbeck was. After listening to his plea to be free last week, American League owners voted, 9 to 1, to keep him in Kansas City. Finley must, in

fact, negotiate a lease with the city by February 1 or lose his franchise. Amateur lawyers who have read the league's constitution hold that it really does have this power, but Finley, still struggling, has hired a lawyer anyway. A group in Kansas City wants to buy the A's, and that, in the end, may be the solution that will permit Finley to roam wherever he wills.

YOUR FRIENDLY BETTING SHOP

The Mayor's Citizens Committee on Off-Track Betting, authorized by an overwhelming 3 to 1 in a recent New York election, has come up with a plan for setting up betting shops about the city. The plan is predictably demure.

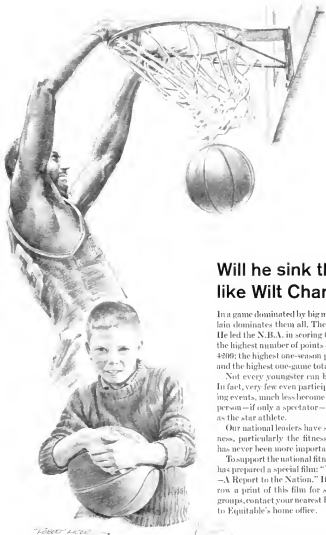
The shops would, it is proposed, have the atmosphere of banks, though without the chairs and benches that banks provide for their patrons and, it goes without saying, without such facilities as loan departments. No loitering would be tolerated, since that might encourage camaraderie among the deprived. Shops would not be permitted within 200 feet (magic number) of a school, youth center, playground, church, welfare center office, unemployment-insurance office



or saloon. The presumption seems to be that drunks, churchgoers and welfare recipients cannot walk 200 feet.

One of the arguments for the legalized betting shops has been that they would drive the illegal bookie out of business. Our guess is that the bookie will take his cue from this cheerless proposal and establish, as in Prohibition days, speakeasy betting parlors of a lavishness, com-

continued



Will he sink the ball like Wilt Chamberlain?

In a game dominated by big men, 7'1" Wilt Chamberlain dominates them all. The record book proves it. He led the N.B.A. in scoring the past four years; has the highest number of points ever scored in a season, 4,200; the highest one-season per-game average, 50.4; and the highest one-game total ever—a fantastic 100.

Not every youngster can be a Wilt Chamberlain. In fact, very few even participate in organized sporting events, much less become stars. But every young person—if only a spectator—can be as physically fit as the star athlete.

Our national leaders have stated that physical fitness, particularly the fitness of our young people, has never been more important than it is today.

To support the national fitness program, Equitable has prepared a special film: "Youth Physical Fitness—A Report to the Nation." If you would like to borrow a print of this film for showing to community groups, contact your nearest Equitable office or write to Equitable's home office.

For an attractive 7" x 11 inch reproduction of this drawing, send your name and address and the words, Wilt Chamberlain, to Equitable, G.P.O. Box 1578, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.

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SCORECARD *continued*

fort and convenience—free drinks, divans and pretty girls to collect betting slips—that will drive the municipal competition out of business. After all, the city cannot very well bribe its own cops.

WHOPPER

Hyperbole is a rhetorical device sometimes used to good purpose. We wonder if Santiago Bernabéu, president of the Real Madrid soccer team, was being rhetorical when he said: "If I had a son, I'd prefer he went to war than play soccer. There are terrible battles in soccer, worse than war itself."

Spaniards who remember Guernica may not agree.

COOL PLAY

That superb playmaker for the New York Rangers, Andy Bathgate, recently came up with what may have been the cleverest of all his maneuvers.

First came rumors that Bathgate would be traded, a move he deeply opposed. This was followed by Andy's appraisal of why he had not been playing his best this season. "It's physical in a way but if it gets out what's bothering me, I'm dead," Bathgate said. Trade talk subsided immediately. Nor was it so surprising that in his next three games Bathgate, despite his mysterious ailment, scored one goal and assisted in five others with thread-needle passes.

All of which leads us to believe that Bathgate's malady was nothing more than the chill he got from the wet blanket he so deftly tossed on the trade rumors.

BONANZA

Little more than 100 years ago Virginia City, Nevada was a rip-roaring Wild West town sitting atop the Comstock Lode—greatest chunk of silver ever discovered. As fabulous wealth was drawn from the mines, the city's population grew to 35,000.

The silver is gone now and the population has dwindled to 500. Until recently Virginia City's proudest boast has been that it is "the liveliest ghost town in the West." Not anymore. The town's proudest boast today is the Virginia City Muckers, a high school basketball team that last Saturday night won its 53rd straight game and 81st consecutive league game. Total enrollment at the high school is 43, including girls. There are 23 boys, of whom 19 go out for varsity and junior varsity basketball. Play-

continued



Ski lesson: Point tips downhill. Bend knees. Go! Where? Straight to the nearest glass of Schlitz.

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in a great light beer



The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous For over a century because it tastes so good.

THE '64 LUXURY CHEVROLET WITH



IMAGINE GLIDING A FEW FEET ABOVE A ROAD AND YOU'LL HAVE A GOOD IDEA OF WHAT JET-SMOOTH RIDE IS LIKE. FOUR BIG COIL SPRINGS AT THE WHEELS OF THIS GREAT HIGHWAY PERFORMER CUSHION YOU AGAINST ROAD SHOCKS AND BUMPS.

And the almost uncanny illusion of jet flight you'll feel in the '64 Chevrolet doesn't end there.

We've teamed smoother and quieter transmissions with seven different Chevrolet engines ranging up to an extra-cost 425-hp V8 (and down to a somewhat more docile 140-hp Six that's no slouch, either).

As if that weren't enough to whisk you off to faraway places with ease, we've even improved your performance

THE JET-SMOOTH RIDE

66 Chevrolet Impala Sport Coupe



FEELS LIKE THIS

(on long turnpike trips, for instance) by doing up Chevrolet's Body by Fisher in new jet-lounge luxury.

Sink back into the softer vinyl bucket seats in the new Super Sport series and see what we mean.

Really, there seems to be only one down-to-earth thing about the '64 Jet-smooth luxury Chevrolet. And that, as your dealer will show you, is the Chevrolet price. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

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THE GREAT HIGHWAY PERFORMERS

Automotive engineers are using special steels to solve the problem of rust in your new car

Salt and moisture, whether from salt-sprayed winter streets or ocean air, are highly corrosive. But automobile designers are beating this corrosion problem with special "winterized" steels. They are using zinc-coated steels for underbody parts, rocker panels and other areas where corrosion first attacks. These "winterized" steels have greatly improved corrosion resistance over

uncoated steels, and will keep the new cars in good shape years longer.

There's never been a better year to buy your new car. Styling, performance, safety and comfort have all been improved—and your new car will last longer too, because the manufacturers are building in more durability with new and improved steels.



United States Steel

The USS logo tells you a product is made of modern, dependable steel.





Special steels from U. S. Steel fight corrosion damage from snow-melting chemicals

Galvanized steel has been around for a long time—in fact the first sheet was made in 1884 by a company that later became part of U. S. Steel. But there was a problem in using this corrosion-resistant steel for painted body parts, because the spangles in the zinc coating showed through the paint.

U. S. Steel solved this problem by developing a special finishing process which eliminates the spangles. These specially finished galvanized sheets can be used side by side with regular body sheets, and when they are painted, you can't tell the difference, yet your car has additional protection against corrosion in those parts where rust used to strike first.

New trim stays trim—Have you ever seen a worn out wheel cover? There is no such thing anymore because wheel covers, like so much of the trim on the '64's, are made of USS stainless steel. No other metal can come close to the strength, corrosion resistance and lasting gleam of stainless steel. It's extremely hard too, so it resists dents and pock marks from flying gravel. For as long as you own a '64, your stainless steel trim will look showroom new.

Muffler problem solved—One of the toughest corrosion problems that Detroit had to solve was with mufflers. Here, road salt wasn't the principal cause of muffler failure. It was short-trip driving. This type of driving builds up corrosive exhaust acids and moisture that stay inside the muffler, because the muffler doesn't get hot enough to evaporate them away. To beat this problem, designers are using USS aluminum coated steel and USS stainless steel, both so corrosion resistant that mufflers will last 2 to 3 times longer.

Built to last—You'll hear a lot of praise for the 64 cars. They deserve it. Classic styling. Performance. Road handling. Comfort. And more. They're built to stay in shape years longer with new and improved steels produced by U. S. Steel.

United States Steel 

SCORECARD (continued)

ing against teams from communities with populations as much as 100 times as big, the Muckers have not lost a game since March 11, 1961.

What makes them so formidable? Coach Lyle Darnon does not know. Some of their strength, he thinks, may derive from the fact that, having grown up together in such a small town, they know each other well. Therefore, he holds, their knowledge of how one or another will move in a given situation is almost instinctive. Then, too, he points out, "they start fooling around with a basketball when they are very young."

"They don't play all year round, like some people say," he added, "but they probably do play a lot more than kids in other towns."

And better

PHILOSOPHER'S CONSOLATION

As the man himself puts it, "People think Satch is either rich or dead." He is neither. Organized baseball can no longer use Satchel Paige, now 57 years old going on 61, who in his prime may well have been the greatest pitcher of all time. But that prime was spent playing for Negro teams and he was well past it when, in 1948, after 22 years in baseball, he became the first Negro to pitch in the American League.

Goose Tatum, an old friend, hired down-on-his-luck Satch to front for Tatum's touring basketball team. The team reached Houston, Texas the other day, and Satch, careful not to wrinkle his blue shark-skin suit, sat on an old trunk, puffed on a cigarette held between thumb and forefinger, and fumigated.

"The past," he said, "is a long and tedious road."

"No telling" how great I might have been. The players what was in the big leagues then it wasn't no sweat for me to get 'em out. There weren't five homers hit off me in three years.

"They say I'm too old, but the ones that say that hasn't seen me perform. I've slowed down some, my wind's a little short, I can't hold bunts too good, but I know how to keep 'em from hitting on me."

Last summer he barnstormed in the northern U. S. and Canada, pitching two or three innings every day for 145 games, still dreaming that he might somehow get back into the majors.

"It must have been meant for me to be born when I was," he said sadly, "or

I wouldn't have been born. They still call me the greatest pitcher what ever lived.

"Well, if there hadn't been a color line, I might have made more money and got into trouble with Sam."

PROGRESS REPORT

The most significant handball event ever held in the U. S. will be the national tournament sponsored by the U. S. Handball Association, the AAU and the YMCA and scheduled for March 14-21 on the courts of the St. Louis Jewish Community Center. Hitherto, except for one other try for unity, in 1958, the AAU and the YMCA have staged "national" tournaments, though they were not truly national. Now they have joined hands again with the USHA, which was formed in 1950 as a players' protest against the AAU's ineffectual promotion.

Until the USHA came along, hardly anyone started playing handball until he was in his mid-20s. But the USHA encouraged youngsters to play, and nine years ago originated national collegiate and national juniors' tournaments. Some of the products of these tournaments will be on hand in St. Louis. One of them, especially Bill Yambuck, 23, of St. Paul, may confound the old guard. Yambuck won the intercollegiate in 1961 and 1962 and now may face Jim Jacobs of New York, dominant player in recent years, who has been handicapped by business pressures in recent tournaments. Jacobs will be trying to regain his title.

Increasing interest in handball is indicated by a battery of new courts at the University of Texas. One of these seats 1,000 spectators—quite a rise from the previous high of 500 at the Antora Hall YMCA. Biggest court at the St. Louis JCC will seat about 300.

It is a good game, and the USHA seems to be doing a fine job of developing it.

THEY SAID IT

• Frank Gifford, New York Giant half-back: "In 10 years we'll have a lot of Jimmy Browns. Fellows big and undestructible but who move with tremendous speed and maneuverability. You might say that because of multiple vitamins we'll have multiple Jimmy Browns."

• Dick Blanks, of Minneapolis, on doctoring howling lanes to favor right-handed bowlers: "It would be just like in baseball always having different fences—short ones for the right-handed hitters and longer ones for left-handers." **END**



SUPERCAMPS IN DEEP TROUBLE

Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer, meeting for the first time this year, figured to be the stars of the Crosby—and in a way they were, leaving victory to Tony Lema while they enacted their own drama of men against the sea



Jack Nicklaus had not played a competitive round of golf for two months when he arrived at the Crosby. He was in high spirits after weeks of fishing and idly pegging in Florida and, frankly, he did not expect to win, but he did not anticipate making a beebeehiving spectacle of himself, either. He was one under par on Thursday when he came to the famed 16th at Cypress Point. A spooky 322-yard,

over-the-ocean hole, it is often played safe by the pros. Nicklaus abhors caution. Before you could shout "Fore!" he had hit his ball down the dizzying cliff at left. Not really at sea yet, because the tide was out, he declined to take an unplayable lie. He opened the face of his sand wedge and swung. Hard. Very hard. The ball shot straight into a truly unplayable lie, and Nicklaus ended up with an unseemly six.

CONTINUED



Arnold Palmer, who does things in the grand manner, waited until he was on national television Saturday to do battle with the world's biggest water hazard, the Pacific Ocean. The scene was the long, per-3 11th at Pebble Beach. Palmer hit a three-wood shot over the green and into the pounding surf. He peered

at his ball (above) as it rolled in and sat with the waves like a beaching grunion, then finally gave up any hope of hitting it. Declaring it unplayable, he dropped it into some more rocks and water, only to be officially told that this spot, too, was part of the course. He now had little choice but to start swinging (below).



Palmer's first effort splashed the ball shoreward where he was joined by a golden retriever, the kind of best friend he hardly needed (below). Shaking the dog away, he bounced the ball off a rock and back into the ocean again. He then declared another unplayable lie, dropped the ball on some more rocks and began

again. Finally, with a battered wedge and a battered spirit, he got safely ashore and finished with a nightmare mors. Nobody could recall such a performance since well before Palmer shot a 12 in the 1957 L. A. Open. How did the incidents compare, he was asked? "The 12 was fun," he said. "Today was gruesome."





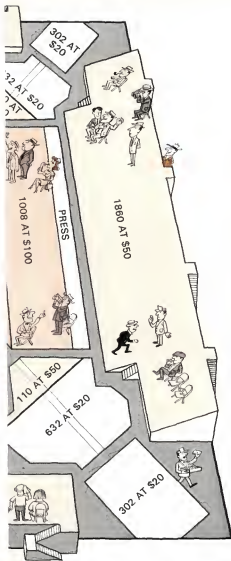
Golf's ocean-going greats did manage to retain their composure most of the time, or at least regain it. Just after Nicklaus faced his cliff-climbing ordeal, he could hardly hide his amazement (left) as he told Arnie and Winnie Palmer about the sea around us. Palmer had more trouble smiling, but largely because of a bad cold that had bothered him for two weeks, a misery not helped by walking through the Pacific in golf shoes. By Saturday night both Nicklaus and Palmer had played so poorly they had missed the cut, but their first meeting of 1964 was epic, nonetheless.

It was among Tony Lema who proved on Sunday that a man could play in the Creeby without fear of drowning—except, perhaps, in champagne. The wind howled, the ribs felt and small-craft warnings went up, but Lema never panicked. He watched a prime opponent, Al Belding, shoot a horrible 88 and saw his own lead drop from eight strokes to two in mere minutes. Of one missed short putt, he said, "Only my sense of humor saved me. I had to laugh." Met at the clubhouse by reporters wearing glasses, Champagne Tony laughed again. The party, he announced, was on him.



The Most Expensive Sports Event in History

When Sonny Liston and Cassius Clay meet at Miami Beach's Convention Center next month, their fight will be—per patron—the most expensive sports event of all time. Promoter William MacDonald, who says he must clear \$800,000 merely to break even, has scaled his house of 15,744 seats (*left*) to return \$1,206,720. That averages out to a numbing \$76.65 a seat. Seats in the "Golden Circle" (what used to be called ringside) will sell for \$250 to "Distinguished Sportsmen ONLY," or so a promotion pamphlet says. The cheapest tickets, at \$20, entitle their holders to folding chairs just inside the door. See that fellow way over on the left looking through a telescope? He paid \$50 for his seat in the "raised ringside arena" (what used to be called bleachers), and he is half the length of a football field away from the ring. Even so, maybe he is better off than those distinguished sportsmen. Should Liston do to Clay what he did twice to Floyd Patterson, each golden minute in the Golden Circle will cost \$100.



DRAWING BY JOE FLOOR

The way the University of Michigan team sees it, the meek will never inherit the game of basketball and anyone who thinks it is a noncontact sport has been reading too many rule books. The Wolverines lovingly refer to that area of the court from the key to the basket as Bloody Nose Lane. The designation was actually Coach Dave Strick's, but Strick is a bushful, unpretentious father of five and is reluctant to take full credit. In any case, when a fun-loving Wolverine drives down Bloody Nose Lane he calls it "going in to cut me some meat"

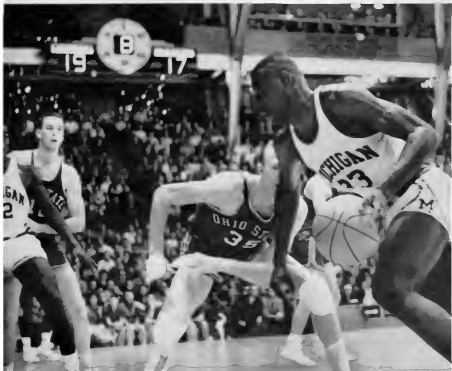
—which means he's going for two points, or for a rebound, or for something more filling. Coach Strick calls that "clean, aggressive ruthlessness," and the Big Ten is reeling under the impact. There has not been a cleaner, more impressive bunch of carnivores in the conference since the Ohio State teams of Jerry Lucas-John Havlicek a few years ago, or one that is so obviously the best.

But the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and when proof was needed last weekend in Ann Arbor the Wolverines were up to their appetites. They took on

—were served up—the Ohio State team, Big Ten champion four years running and winner over the Wolverines in seven straight. It is early to be talking championship, but at the same point last year Michigan went into the Ohio State game with a 10-1 record, came out a loser and eventually disintegrated. This time the Wolverines were 11-1, bigger ("the days of Michigan being the scrawniest team in the league are past," said Strick), better, stronger, tougher, more confident—and favored. At breakfast the morning of the game, Ohio State Coach Fred

Michigan players have their own term for the route they take to the basket, and they took it often and successfully to beat Ohio State and lead the Big Ten **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

DOWN BLOODY NOSE LANE



Taylor broke the yolk of his poached egg and watched it spread over his corned-beef hash. "I didn't exactly fill my bed with sleep," he said. "This is a big one. I'd give my left front fender to win. If somebody doesn't beat Michigan pretty soon, people are going to get the idea it can't be done."

Later that afternoon, after watching Michigan's Bill Buntin and the captivating prodigy, Cazzie Lee Russell Jr., break and run over his Buckeyes R2-64, Coach Taylor was asked if, since Ohio State had been unable to, there were any other Big Ten teams this season that might stand a chance with Michigan. "Possibly," he said. "But I don't know who the devil it would be."

The beating was thorough because in every area Michigan was superior. Buntin, All-Big Ten and just a junior, and the jazzy Cazzie scored 27 points apiece.



Michigan outrebounded Ohio 49-34. Russell was high with 13. He may not be the only 6-foot-5, 218-pound guard in college basketball, but he plays the corner on defense and, more often than not, he drives to the baseline to become, in effect, a third forward on offense. This maneuver exposes Michigan to an opposing first break, but Strack says he can stand the gamble even if he cannot stand the excitement.

The practical effect of Russell, Center Buntin (at 6 feet 7, 230 pounds) and the other fine sophomore, Forward Oliver Durden (6 feet 7, 220), all jamming Bloody Nose Lane at once is an irrefutable accumulation of elbows, knees, hips and the cries of the offended, not all of whom are the opposition. "You've got to quit crashing into me so much," Buntin has been heard telling Durden.

Larry Tregoning, 6 feet 5, 195, is the other forward. He is less show and more substance on defense, which he plays with an uncommon zeal. He held Duke's Jeff Mullins to 14 points and NYU's Barry Kramer to 11. The fifth starter is 5-foot-10 Guard Bob Cantrell, the only senior. Cantrell is the team captain. Strack was once told he could never win with Cantrell. Cantrell then held Western Michigan's Manny Newsome, the nation's leading scorer, to 10 points in 33 minutes. "He had his hand in Newsome's face every minute, even during time-outs," said a Michigan man, "and when Newsome went into a huddle Larry followed him there, too. Now *that's* defense."

Ohio State's Taylor was hopeful of taking advantage of Russell's inexperience by picking him off with a double post ("I knew we couldn't match their physical strength"), sliding Forward Don DeVoe across or coming back with the ball to All-America Center Gary Bradds. Taylor will never know if it would have worked because both teams were dreadfully inaccurate at the start—Bradds missed seven of his first eight shots—and the ball handling was sandlot. There were 23 turnovers (loss of possession) in the first half alone.

The game dragged along until it was even at 8-8 after six minutes. Then Can-

trell, the fellow Strack could not win with, hit two straight jump shots from either side of the key, and Michigan was in front for good. None of the three men Taylor tried, including Bradds, were able to handle Cazzie Russell on a man-to-man basis, but Taylor had no choice because when Cazzie was not scoring, Buntin was dropping in hook shots from the corners. Russell stole the ball five times ("I made up my mind I was going to be everywhere, even on defense," he said afterward), and by half time the Wolverines were ahead by 12 and breathing easy. Bradds wound up with 27 points, but he had hit for more than 30 against Michigan twice last year. Thus time he did not have an outside shooter—State's principal weakness—to complement him. Double-teamed frequently, he missed 13 of 23 shots.

It was the worst beating a Michigan team had given Ohio State in 34 years, but it practically took an architect to find that out because Michigan has been ashamed to show its basketball records most of those years, and nobody cared much anyhow. Michigan's way of regarding basketball in the past has been to disregard it. The Wolverines still play in comical old Yost Field House, where they used to have to shoot the pigeons out of the rafters before a game and where you can sit in any one of 4,000 of the 8,000 seats and not see a thing. In Dave Strack's first two years as head coach (he was assistant for 11 years before that), he had his son Dave pass out tickets to his buddies to dress up the crowd. Now Dave complains that all his friends think he is a piker because he does not have tickets enough to go around. And Publicist Les Eitter, who used to cross his legs and relax for the winter after the football season, complains because he does not have press box enough to go around.

Last fall Fritz Crisler, athletic director, had to start charging student admission for football games so that those Michigan students who paid would have priority on basketball seats. The problem then became thornier: there were 14,000 claimants to 8,000 student seats in Yost Field House. Bogus tickets, some

JAZZY CAZZIE Russell drives down the lane, facing his defender toward a block set up by teammate Bill Buntin (22). The Michigan stars scored 27 points apiece.

crudely lettered, began to appear. For games like Ohio State, two-by-six plunks were laid across cement blocks to provide extra seating at each end of the court, but not until local television was inaugurated last week was the crush relieved. A new field house is contemplated.

Coch Strack caused all the trouble by providing a winning team. He is a former Michigan team captain who simply couldn't believe the Wolverines had to be so lousy in basketball all the time, although the weight of experience was clearly against him. As an assistant he was grooming himself for the job as head coach, but Crisler had him in mind for business manager. Crisler simply liked the way Strack handled tickets. Finally Strack got an offer and went to

Idaho as head coach in 1959. "I'd just about given up," he said. "I'd applied for every job that came along for years, and by then I was pushing 40." A year at Idaho and an undistinguished 11-15 record qualified him to return to Michigan to be the next in a long line of undistinguished basketball coaches.

Strack appears always to be one kind word away from a blush. Before the Ohio State game a friend introduced him at the Town Club as "the greatest coach in America," and he practically ran out of the place. Nevertheless, if he is humble he is also tough-minded. There was no doubt what he had in mind for Michigan basketball, but he kept it quiet because nobody would have believed it anyway.

"The first couple years were painful. We were a painful team to look at," he says. But whereas Michigan teams of the past had, by rival coaches' estimate, been predictable as the tide, Strack's dealings were different. "Everything I use I've stolen from somebody," he says. But whereas Michigan began to win and he began to pile up all kinds of firsts: two full-time assistants, a slick-back brochure (Publicist Eiter was really going strong now), a team banquet, a game program, the first sale of hot dogs and cold drinks at the field house. And he reeducated.

Buntin, Tregoning and Cantrell were happy surprises because hardly anybody else wanted them. Michigan was Cantrell's fourth choice. All-Star Buntin, whose wife now tends the largest scrapbook in Ann Arbor, was invited on the basis of his play in a Detroit recreation league. He was not able to make his first interview at the university because he did not have bus fare to get there.

The difficult prize to win was Russell, who was approached by some 70 schools. Cincinnati even had Oscar Robertson go around to see him, and Robertson gave him a pair of shoes that Russell cherishes to this day. But Strack won out by selling him on Michigan's scholastic standing, *Cazie* says, and by keeping him away from Yost Field House. "I took him over there to see it," says Strack, "but I discovered when we got out from that I'd left my key at the office."

Russell has the whimsical look of a man who has been roused out of bed at 3 in the morning but is too good-natured and too sleepy to be angry. He is a huge favorite in Ann Arbor, pounding the ball like a Globetrotter on his dribble as if to put it through the floor, holding up his hand when he tips in a shot to make sure folks know who that marvelous kid was who made those points. "You've got a little Oscar in you," *Cazie* was told recently. "Yowar," he answered politely, "and a little wolverine in me, too." He denies he ever said that Michigan would win three straight NCAA championships once *Cazie* Russell made the scene in Ann Arbor. Michigan fans are not holding him to it. But they do not think they would be spoiled if *Cazie* and Buntin and the boys should win the Big Ten title. Michigan has not had one in 16 years.

END



DIFFIDENT COACH Strack, still well-composed after Ohio State game, has turned football-crazy Ann Arborites into basketball fans by bucking a long-standing local tradition.

THE DEPENDABLES: SUCCESS CARS OF '64



Choice seats now available . . .



for the best show on the road

Time was when such fineries as bucket seats, tachometer, and console-mounted gear selector were meant only for the country club set. No longer. The introduction of the 1964 Dodge Polara with special "500" sports option changes all that.

Here's a bucket seat beauty that takes a back seat to nobody—not in style! Not in comfort! Not in price! This lavishly equipped sports couner is priced with traditional low-priced cars, and it comes

in two models—convertible (shown above) and 2-door hardtop.

Add a four-on-the-floor fully synchronized transmission, if you like. Or, the famous Dodge 3-speed Torqueflite automatic, console mounted. They're extra-cost options, sure. But when you're talking Dodge Polara 500, you're still talking about figures no higher than on models of Ford or Chevrolet. That, in a word, is value...the extra Dodge never charges extra for. You'll find it at your Dodge Dealer's.

'64 Dodge

DODGE DIVISION



CHRYSLER
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AN ARENA FOR HEROES



When the Winter Olympics begin on January 29 in the huge natural amphitheater around Innsbruck, some 1,000 athletes will vie for the medals that denote the pinnacle of winter sports achievement. For the story of these young heroes, turn the page





The Olympics are made for heroes, and before the IX Winter Games end February 9, a bold handful of skilled young athletes will push their heads above the mass of rivals as they generate the special kind of excitement that only an Olympics can produce. Some of the likely gold-medal winners-to-be are pictured on these pages, as they step to the brink of the greatest challenge of their sporting lives. Others will suddenly jump to prominence as they overtake the pre-Games favorites (*see chart, pages 38 and 39*) in their pursuit of the 34 first-place awards.

One whom American spectators will watch with particular fascination—whether they are in Innsbruck or in front of home TV sets viewing film clips flown daily from Austria—is Buddy Werner (*see cover*), the finest all-round skier in U.S. history. Werner has been winning international races for 10 years. In fact, until 1962 he was the only American male ever to win a major race over the sophisticated speedsters from the established European ski powers. In the 1960 Olympics, he seemed headed for a sure gold medal, perhaps two, but broke his leg in a training fall just before the Games. Now he is again in perfect shape—perhaps even a little overtrained from the U.S. team's exhausting warmup schedule—and skiing as well as he ever has.

To win, however, Werner and the rest of the newly powerful U.S. squad must overcome a singular obstacle: the home team. Austria will send into the Alpine events a group of men who together comprise what is probably the best ski team ever assembled. If not the best, it is at least the equal of the famed Wanderteam which launched Austria's dominance of the ski world from 1950 to 1959. And the bellwether of this new Wanderteam, dashing Egon Zimmermann, may be just as good as the man whose skiing feats in Cortina in 1956 made him a national hero: Toni Sailer. Austria fervently hopes so, because in 1960 at Squaw Valley her skiers fell ignominiously (only one gold medal) before a determined assault by the Swiss, Germans and French. That such a catastrophe should befall little Austria again is something its citizens would rather not think about. *continued*

BY PAUL RESS

A FIGHT FOR LIFE BY THE HOME TEAM

Premier event among the 34 competitions at the Winter Olympics is the downhill ski race, in which Austria expects handsome Egon Zimmermann (left) to lead the nation back to its traditional—and very profitable—dominance of Alpine skiing

To seven million Austrians, two million of whom ski, the matter is indeed one of capital importance—and not merely one of *amour-propre*. Alpine skiing was invented here. In no other country, including the four mountainous countries near Austria (France, Germany, Italy and Switzerland), is Alpine skiing the national sport. And not only do Austrian hearts vibrate at the sight of skis on snow; their cash registers cling to every victory. For in Austria skiing is big business—vital business.

Consider the aftermath of the golden age of Toni Sailer. At the Olympics in 1956 the tall, dark Sailer completely wiped out the world's finest skiers. He beat his teammate Anderl Molterer in the giant slalom by an impossible six seconds, beat the Japanese Chiharu Igaya by four seconds in the slalom and then bolted over the icy, precipitous downhill course to defeat Swiss Racer Raymond Felley by 3½ seconds. No one had ever swept these events before, and with the possible exception of Egon Zimmermann (no relation to another Austrian of the same name who competed at Squaw Valley in 1960), it seems likely that no one ever will.

The economic consequences for Austria were enormous. In the next several years, tens of thousands of foreign skiers reserved rooms in Tyrolean ski resorts to learn the Austrian method of skiing from nearly 1,000 teachers. Instead of heading for Val d'Isère or St. Moritz or Garmisch, they journeyed to St. Anton, Zurs and Kitzbühel. Once there, they bought Austrian sweaters, boots, after-ski clothes and went on shopping binges in what is still one of the world's most reasonably priced countries. Ski firms like Kneisl, Kistle and Fischer did a handsome local business at home, and their ski exports boomed. So did the exportation of ski instructors, particularly to the U.S. Austrian officials in Vienna, who had invested an estimated \$20 million of Marshall Plan funds in the country's ski resorts after the war, happily rubbed their hands. Ski victories were paying off. Little wonder that the Austrian government—not to mention Austria's commercial interests—are backing their 1964 Olympic team, materially and morally. A defeat on home grounds in Innsbruck would affect the entire Austrian economy.

Despite the formidable challenge from the U.S. and the still powerful French, Austrian Ski Association officials and the national team coaches are "rather confident" about the outcome of the 1964 winter games. And the list of names of Austrian competitors—men and women—appears to justify their confidence. Among men, there are, of course, Zimmermann, who is the present world giant slalom champion, Karl Schranz, downhill and combined world champion, Gerhard Nennig, runner-up to Schranz as world champion combined skier; Pept Stiegler and Hans Leitner, who both won silver medals at Squaw Valley, respectively, in giant slalom and slalom. Only slightly less formidable is the women's team, led by Christl Haas, who won the world downhill title in 1962 at Chamonix; Marianne Nutt-Jahn, winner of both the giant and the slalom championships at Chamonix and such other topflight racers as Edith Zimmermann (no relation to Egon), Erika Netzer and Traudl Hecher. Men's Team Coach Ernst Oberaigner and Women's Team Coach Hermann Gamon believe that this group of skiers, particularly the men, are capable of sweeping all 18

of the gold, silver and bronze Alpine medals. But, says Oberaigner modestly, "we will be satisfied if Austrian men win four or five of the nine."

Though the Austrian people are relatively few in number compared to the Germans, French and Italians, and have to share the Alps with them, their dominance of the sport is not at all surprising. For one thing, mountains cover about 75% of the country. There is an Alp just around the corner from nearly every Austrian home—if not at the very doorstep. And, unlike France, Austria has good-sized cities right in the mountains, so that urban Austrians can go skiing, not just on weekends after an exhausting overnight train trip (as Parisians are obliged to do), but every day. Indeed, young Austrians in Innsbruck (pop. 100,000) and Bregenz ski on their lunch hour and even Viennese can be on 6,000-foot slopes after a 60-minute trip. When an Austrian boy shouts to a chum, "Race you to the classroom door," he means on skis. And as he grows up, he need not move away from ski areas in order to pursue secondary studies. Excellent high schools and universities are in the mountains, too. Skiing is definitely not a sport closed to the poor in Austria, either, as it tends to be elsewhere in Europe, notably in Italy and France. It is open to all.

Furthermore, there is nothing hit or miss about the way Olympic champions rise up out of this enthusiastic populace. For Austrian skiing is highly organized. At the top is the 50,000-member Austrian Ski Association, and the key man is Sepp Sulzberger, 43, of Innsbruck, who runs the intensive training program for juniors as well as for the national first and second teams. It was Sulzberger, a lawyer, who was responsible for the selection of Coaches Oberaigner and Gamon. Oberaigner, 31, spent 10 years on the national team from 1951 through the 1960 Squaw Valley Games, and for two years he passed a kind of apprenticeship as coach of the Sulzburg province team. The 1964 season is his second with the national team, and the Innsbruck Olympics his first serious test. Gamon, who is 34, has a background in the sport similar to Oberaigner's. Before taking over the women's teams in 1960, Gamon coached the Vorarlberg junior team.

In each of Austria's nine provinces the ski association posts several scouts who see to it that promising boys and girls have adequate equipment and receive first-rate advice and coaching. Those who continue to develop are encouraged to train with national team skiers. All this costs money. Sulzberger explains that part of the funds come from the 20-schilling (80c) membership fees the Austrians pay to join the ski association. The government partially subsidizes the sport by helping to pay for the costly training periods, and by paying unemployment checks to some skiers during their eight-month season. A third source of revenue is the popular lottery wherein bettors guess the results of soccer matches. How much this adds up to, Sulzberger does not care to say, but one insider estimates the Vienna government's aid alone at between \$60,000 and \$100,000. The ski equipment firms help by furnishing free supplies to top skiers, and it is probable they also make a flat contribution to the teams' costs, but it cannot be proved.

The most distinguished product of all this organization and financial underwriting is Egon Zimmermann. Zimmer-

mann, who will turn 25 on February 8, the day of the men's Olympic slalom finals, has already set spectacular downhill records in the Hahnenkamm at Kitzbühel and in the "Coupe Emile-Allan" at Megève last year. In the Hahnenkamm, Egon not only beat his nearest rival by four seconds but came down the slope six seconds faster than anyone ever had before. A week later, he did even better in Megève. When the loudspeaker announced Zimmermann's time, which was five seconds better than the runner-up and seven seconds faster than the previous record, the French coach, Honoré Bonnet, exclaimed: "It's not possible, it's unbelievable!"

So brilliantly begun, Egon's 1963 season ended disastrously for him in the Kandahar race at Chamonix. "I was going about 60 or 70 mph," he recalls, "when a French racer who had started a minute ahead of me fell. I was not warned in time. As I was jumping over the first of two headwalls, race officials suddenly flagged me away. I was obliged to jump the second obstacle straight on instead of obliquely and I took off like an airplane. I said to myself, 'Egon, your skiing career is over; you are going to break every bone in your body.' But I was lucky. I got off with strained ligaments and 12 days on crutches."

Egon Zimmermann was born into a peasant family in the Arlbeg village of Lech. His passion for skiing was not at first appreciated by his hard-working parents.

"Then the development of Lech after the war into a fine winter sports resort transformed our way of life," Egon says. The young Zimmermann boys, Werner, Egon and Karl-Heinz, helped their father build a "hotel-pension" annex onto their 300-year-old house. Now the Zimmermann homestead became Haus Bergfrieden, with a black and cream-colored facade, green shutters and a quaint carved-wood balcony. Holidaying skiers left the family the

means to gradually exchange their horse-drawn sleds for red Volkswagen taxis. The cows were sold with no regrets.

At the same time that Lech began to grow as a resort, Egon started to grow as a skier. "The ski lift was only a minute away from school and the house," he says, "and every day at noon during the long winter we used to gulp a sandwich and head for the lift. Up and down we went until it was time to return to class. In those days skiing was pure fun and no discipline. It was an escape from everything I remember how we raced madly over the slopes, jumping over rocks and trunks, slalomming between trees. Once late in the afternoon when the snow was hard, I took a bump badly and instead of landing below, I found myself hanging from the branches of a tree, like a parachutist who had made a bad landing. Did we laugh!

"My childhood coincided with postwar Austria's period of poverty. Our trousers looked like bloomers, our skis, which were shaped like a ski jump, were not secondhand, but fourth- or fifth-hand. Some of our racers at the 1948 Olympics had ski poles of unequal length. For myself, I never took a skiing lesson. I just watched the champions and tried to imitate them."

While Egon was learning by trial and error, his mother, Eugene, was as hostile to his skiing as was her husband, understandably so, since her three sons took turns breaking their legs. Sometimes their injuries overlapped, and when that happened their outraged mother would refuse to heed their calls from their bedroom. "So," says Egon's father, "the boys would toss tennis balls against the door until they drove their mother wild and she came to see what they wanted just to quiet them."

One day mother could stand the "skiing nonsense" no longer. "You can go on skiing until you have finished your grammar school studies," she said, "then you are going to

continue it

The leaders of resurgence in Austrian skiing, Christl Heiss and Egon Zimmermann, relax over tea in lobby of their hotel in Cervinia, Italy, where Olympic candidates skied up to 60 miles a day during most intensive phase of four-month-long pre-season training regime.



learn a trade and forget all about it," Egon replied: "Aw, Mama, let me ski until I have won just one loving cup." He then proceeded to win an armful. But when Egon was 15, his father would put up with it no more and ordered the lad to choose a trade. Egon decided to become a chef and reluctantly allowed himself to be shipped off to Paris to train for the job. "If you live in a ski resort," says he, "there are only a limited number of useful trades."

For most of three years, at home and in France at Ledoyen, a fancy Champs Élysées restaurant, Egon learned about cooking. "Now he is the best cook in the family," concedes his mother, "but after all he ought to be." Returning home to Lech, he also returned to skiing, over his parents' protests. "At 18 I had lost precious time because I was able only rarely to ski," he says, but nonetheless he was soon winning races again. In fact, in 1958 he made a clean sweep of the Austrian national junior championships, capturing all three events. The exploit did not pass unnoticed in Austrian ski circles. At once the Austrian Ski Association took Egon in tow.

In 1959, a year after his triple victory in the junior championships, Egon was named to the national team. "For a young Austrian athlete, there can be no greater honor, no greater prestige," he says. "For me it was also the realization of a childhood dream, a dream interrupted by a kitchen. By then even my parents agreed I had been right to persist."

Asked what he has learned in pure technique since coming under the guidance of national team coaches, Egon replies frankly: "Virtually nothing." Oberzaniger does not dispute it: "Egon was born a champion skier—or at least growing up in the Arlberg he acquired the qualities of a great skier. What we did for him on the national team was to prepare him physically with a severe program. We put

him into magnificent shape, a condition he could not possibly have attained training alone in Lech. And, of course, we have obliged Egon to discipline himself, to live austerely and intelligently."

Under this discipline, Zimmermann was headed straight for the 1960 Olympics when a shoulder injury took him out of the running. But, two years after Squaw Valley, Egon won the world giant slalom race in Chamonix. Last year he was named skier of the year by European journalists. In the past few weeks, moreover, he has been beating just about everybody in sight during the Olympic warmup races; and while common sense says it will not happen, Zimmermann may indeed win three gold medals in Innsbruck.

While Zimmermann has been sharpening his skills in all the men's events, an Austrian girl has become the dominant figure in her specialty, the downhill. In February of last year, the breakneck Italian skier Zeno Colo was watching the women's downhill in Abetone, Italy. "It's impossible to come down that icy slope so fast," cried Colo watching one racer. "That skier is crazy!" The crazy girl who won the race and, incidentally, took the Abetone speed record away from Colo was Christl Haas.

"I guess I have never skied so fast," Christl admits, "and I don't believe I shall ever ski that fast again." Yet millions of fellow Austrians believe otherwise and hope she will do so in Innsbruck.

"I started to ski when I was 2 years old," says Christl. "And when she was 3," says her mother, "she told us she wanted to be a racer."

Aged 6, pigtails flying in the wind, Hasi, as her teammates now call her, would ski down to school and catch a cable car back up home. Lots of Alpine moppets do that, but the downhill path to Hasi's classroom happened to be

THE DEVELOPMENT OF A GOLD MEDAL WINNER



At age 2 (above left) Christl Haas was already rolling in snow near home on Hohenkamm. By the time she was 6, she skied to school down Kirchbühl's Siref trail (left). In the summer she went mountain climbing with her father.



By late teens, Christl Haas had become an accomplished mountaineer, but skiing was her primary sport. In 1962 she won downhill world title, then finished winning double as she took downhill race on Olympic course at Innsbruck.

Kitzbühel's famed racing trail, the Streif. A few years later her father began taking Hasi mountain climbing. "I was definitely a tomboy," she admits. "I played soccer with the boys and much preferred that to cuddling dolls." She could outdo most boys, in fact, on the Kitzbühel ski jump. "Beating her classmates," her mother says, "was too easy for Christl. She was satisfied only when her time was faster than that of the best boy skier." Hasi cannot remember her first competition. "But I suppose that my first big race was the junior championship of the Tyrol near Innsbruck in 1959 when I was 16," she says. "I was not a bit nervous, and not because I was so sure of winning. On the contrary, I did not think I would win. So I just relaxed. I won that race but, more important to me, my time was faster than the boy winner's."

Still unknown to association scouts, Christl attracted their attention by placing second in downhill and third in giant slalom in the national junior championships the same year. To try her out in international competition, the association then arranged for Hasi to race in the Kandahar in Sestriere, Italy in 1960. "I did not do well in my first major international meet," she laments. "I came in second" (Another Austrian, Traudl Hecher, beat her.) Her showing in the Kandahar, however, earned 18-year-old Hasi a place on the national team in 1961, and that first year she won the Austrian national women's downhill championship. Coach Gamon's rapid promotion of Hasi was further justified by her performance the following year in the world championships at Chamonix where she won the downhill race, defeating the cream of the world's women skiers.

Hasi's skiing style is less elegant—though no less effective—than the more versatile Egon's. She is a big, strong girl who seems almost to overpower the hill. Indeed, her 5-foot 10-inch, 161-pound frame makes her almost as tall and as heavy as Egon, who stands 5 feet 10½ inches and weighs 176 pounds. "Christl crouches very low and skis powerfully and fearlessly," says Coach Gamon. "Of course, all skiers love to ski fast, but few girls have Hasi's physical possibilities." There are, however, rough spots in her booming descents, and she has had to work hard on her technique since she joined the national team in 1961. "There is more precision now in Hasi's movements," adds Gamon, "and she takes the slalom gates more closely, she keeps her skis more parallel than before. In downhill Hasi just goes even faster, not because of any real progress in technique, but due to her greater racing experience and tougher physical condition." Christl herself is aware of only one coach-made correction in her skiing style. "I no longer wield my ski poles way up high like a Viking warrior brandishing swords."

For Austrian racers, skiing is not, of course, just one exciting international meet after another. It is, rather, an eight-month program of training from which pleasure is notably absent. Long before snow fell on the Tyrol this year, Egon and Christl joined teammates at the government owned physical education institutes of Schellheim and Obertraun for a preseason conditioning period. Then last November, as it does every fall, the team moved on to the Italian resort of Cervinia for downhill training. Everyone, from the first-team coaches to the youngest of the second-

team girls, lived dormitory style, two to a room, in a modest country hotel. If any racer smoked, or drank anything other than milk, fruit juice, soda or tea—wine, beer or coffee, for example—he did it on the sly.

In Cervinia, Egon and Hasi turned out each morning at 8:30, breakfasted on hot chocolate or tea, bread, butter or jam, and were soon riding a cable car to the Plateau Rosa, some 12,000 feet up in the Alps. There, they wasted no time admiring the sight of the nearby Matterhorn or basking in the sun. Six miles down they came, straight as arrows, as fast as they possibly could, right back to the cable car departure point. On their way down they were carefully watched from different points on the slope by the coaches, assistants and any other competent association officials who habitually travel with the team. At the bottom of the mountain, their movements were no more leisurely than at the top. They whipped off their skis and bucked the lift line if there happened to be tourists waiting in front of them. "The idea in Cervinia," explains Hasi, "is to put 50 or 60 miles in our legs every day."

After four or five morning runs, Egon and Christl were ravenously hungry, and exactly at the stroke of noon they were sitting in the hotel restaurant. "The first day we sit down next to anyone," says Egon, "and from then on we keep the same table companions." Coaches, world champions and second stringers, boys and girls, dine together and mix freely in the democratic atmosphere of an Austrian training course. The conversation is shop talk: the condition of the snow and the terrain, speed, accidents and incidents.

Egon, who has light-brown curly hair and slightly rounded broad shoulders, is well liked, especially by the girl skiers. "He is considerate, helpful, not at all stuck-up, witty, gay and gallant," sighs one. "We call him the charming Casanova of the team." But the strict training program does not lend itself to romance, and no one on the team can recall national team skiers ever marrying one another.

Around 1:30 the skiers were again riding up the mountainside. The ride was one of the only moments of relaxation. Then it was up and down, up and down, until 4:30 or 5. Back at the hotel, the skiers prepared for 15 minutes of gymnastic exercises. As there is no gym in Cervinia, the skiers lined up in the corridors and on staircase landings and went through their exercises before dinner.

After dinner most of them sipped peach fruit juice or soda pop in the hotel bar, watched television briefly and glanced at picture weeklies, especially those with ski stories. Not once in Cervinia was an Austrian skier seen to pick up a newspaper, not even to glance at the headlines. "They live in a world of their own," said an Austrian reporter who follows them around the Alps. "They bring their own atmosphere with them." And that atmosphere is perhaps best described as one of relaxed but constant purposefulness. When they banter, it is generally about skiing. There is, however, nothing solemn or heavy about the Austrian skiers; they are just terribly serious athletes dedicated to collecting gold medals.

Christl, who has short-cut light-brown hair, brown eyes and a dimple, is less brilliant and extrovert than Egon, but no less popular. Teammates, all of whom wear caps

continued

she has knitted, constantly seek Hasi's advice about snow conditions or how to wax their skis. "She is a fine comrade," they like to say of her. Even-tempered and good-natured, Hasi appears phlegmatic—besides being the world downhill champion, she is a formidable challenger for the long-distance sleeping title. Her great rival, Marianne Nutt-Jahn, on the other hand, is capricious and known for her temper. The sharp contrast in character carries over to the racing trail, where Marianne, with her virtuoso temperament, is an elegant all-round skier while Christl is a downhill powerhouse.

Whenever Oberaigner and Garmon felt their team had had enough, they broke the Spartan discipline and said to the skiers: "This afternoon free skiing" or "Tomorrow we'll take a day off." One such free day in Cervinia permitted the racers to walk down to the Italian village in the morning to window-shop. In the afternoon, weary of doing nothing, 10 men skiers organized a soccer game on the icy esplanade in front of the hotel. One of the best players was a visitor, Toni Sailer, who was skiing for his own pleasure in the region. Egon was goalie with a broom, and the two teams

played so extraordinarily well on the slippery surface that an observer might have concluded he was watching a soccer team relaxing in the mountains. Their competitive spirit never deserts them.

Poor snow conditions in December obliged the Austrians to do their slalom and giant slalom training also on foreign slopes, and they headed for St. Moritz. Naturally, even the austere Austrians appreciated the deluxe hotel where they were installed. But nothing changed in their way of life. In the morning, they were seated in the dining room seconds after an elegant maître d'hôtel had opened the doors. At 5 o'clock, after an exhausting day on the slopes, they lined up in the gray-carpeted, yellow-walled hall of their hotel to do their push-ups, while rich tourists gaped.

Not until the night before the departure for Lienz, Austria and Olympic qualification races there did some skiers really let themselves go. Almost four months of training were now behind them, and Christl spent hours Christmas-shopping and loading up on Swiss chocolates, one of the few luxuries to which she treats herself. And at 10 o'clock a group of devil-may-care racers (but not Egon or Hasi) was

OLYMPIC FORM CHART

Except for five gold medals that the Russian women will win in speed

	EVENT (final)	FAVORITE	NATION
DAY 1 JAN 26	Opening ceremonies Hockey* Figure skating (pairs)	U.S.S.R. Marika Kilius, Hans-Jürgen Bäumler	Germany
DAY 2 JAN 30	30-km. cross-country (men) 500-m. speed skating (ladies) Bobsled (men)	Eero Mäntyranta Helga Haase Egon Zimmermann	Finland Germany Austria
DAY 3 JAN 31	Special 70-m. jump 1,500-m. speed skating (ladies)	Toralf Engen Lidia Skoblikova	Norway U.S.S.R.
DAY 4 FEB 1	Slalom (ladies) 10-km. cross-country (ladies) Bobsled (two-man) 1,000-m. speed skating (ladies)	Jean Saubert Alyona Kulechova Eugenio Monti Lidia Skoblikova	U.S. U.S.S.R. Italy U.S.S.R.
DAY 5 FEB 2	15-km. cross-country (men) 1,000-m. speed skating (ladies) Giant slalom (men) Figure skating (ladies)	Eero Mäntyranta Lidia Skoblikova Egon Zimmermann Sjoukje Dijkstra	Finland U.S.S.R. Austria Netherlands
DAY 6 FEB 3	Nordic combined Giant slalom (ladies) Luge single (ladies) Luge single (men)	Björn Wirkola Jean Saubert Ise Gaisler Fritz Nachmann	Norway U.S. Germany Germany

doing the cha-cha-cha and the hully-gully in the hotel lounge.

There were no surprises for the Austrian coaches at their qualification races: Zimmermann, Schmauz, Stiegler, Nenning and Leitner were in magnificent form, and though Haas appeared a bit slow in her first formal tests of the season, there was no reason to feel she or the other Austrian girls would not be ready for Innsbruck. But there were some surprises when the U.S. team arrived in Europe and went into the final round of pre-Olympic races. At Val d'Isère, Werner and a fresh-faced Oregon State coed named Jean Saubert (Si, Jan, 20) whipped the French team and caused some early doubts in the previously confident minds of Oberaigner and Gamon. "Anyone who can beat the top French racers can win an Olympic medal," said Oberaigner. "Buddy and Jean are obviously dangerous skiers for our best Austrian racers."

Gamon concurred. "I'll admit I was astonished by Bud's performance in Val d'Isère," he acknowledged. "I never thought he could come back at his age after that accident before Squaw Valley. I have watched Jean Saubert for years

and frankly I didn't believe she could make such remarkable progress. The Innsbruck Olympics are no longer likely to be an Austrian monopoly."

Then the Austrian team emerged from its home grounds, and though Gamon's guess seemed to hold true for the women, as Saubert swept through a series of races, swapping victories with the French and Germans as well as the Austrian girls, the men of Oberaigner's new *Wanderteam* seemed just as powerful as their coach had thought they would be. At Wengen, Zimmermann won two giant slalom races with appalling ease, and Schranz finished second and third in two pre-Olympic downhill races at Madonna di Campiglio. Meanwhile, Stiegler, Nenning and Leitner held the Frenchmen, including brilliant young Jean-Claude Killy, pretty well at bay in the slalom races. And Coach Oberaigner was a happy man.

Gamon, however, on the eve of Innsbruck, still tended toward caution: "Don't ask me to name the winners. How can anyone predict the outcome of a race in which eight or 10 skiers of comparable class are competing, and one will win by tenths, perhaps hundredths of a second?"

skating and cross-country skiing. Olympic power will be distributed among the athletes of 11 nations

EVENT (final)	FAVORITE	NATION
DAY 7 FEB. 4 Borthon 500-m. speed skating (men)	Valtko Hakulinen Engari Grishin	Finland U.S.S.R.
DAY 8 FEB. 5 50-km. cross-country (men) 5-km. cross-country (ladies) 5,000-m. speed skating (men) Long two-wheeler (men)	Stefan Jansson Klavdiya Boyarskikh Johnny Nilsson Richard Pootrak	Sweden U.S.S.R. Sweden Poland
DAY 9 FEB. 6 Downhill (ladies) Figure skating (men) 1,500-m. speed skating (men)	Christl Haas Alain Calmat Rudi Liebhicht	Austria France Netherlands
DAY 10 FEB. 7 3 x 5-km. cross-country relay (ladies) 10,000-m. speed skating (men) Bobsled (four-man)	U.S.S.R. Knut Johansson Sergio Zardini	Norway Italy
DAY 11 FEB. 8 4 x 10-km. cross-country relay (men) Slalom (men)	Finland Peppi Stiegler	Austria
DAY 12 FEB. 9 Special 45-m. jump Closing ceremonies	Tarant Engan	Norway

*Hockey is played each day, and the winner is decided on a round-robin basis.

CONTINUED

CURLS AND COLD STEEL

BY ISRAEL SHENKER

The surest bet of the Winter Olympics is that Lidia Skoblikova, the attractive 24-year-old Russian speed skater shown at right, will win a gold medal. In fact, there is a good chance she will win two, as she did at Squaw Valley in 1960, and she might even win four, if the Russians let her enter that many races. Lidia Skoblikova, you see, is the world champion at all four speed-skating distances, having won all four races in the championships in Tokyo last year. It was an extraordinary performance, but Lidia, probably the best speed skater alive, is modest about it. "The others were just skating worse than I was," she says.

The Russians, however, may enter Lidia in only three of the women's races, the 3,000, the 1,500 and the 1,000 meters, because for the other race, the 500 meters, they have a powerful array of world-class talent, including Valentina Stenina, Tatyana Sidorova, Irina Egorova and Klara Nestorova. A major blow was dealt the Russians when Inga Voronina was hospitalized with a stomach ailment last fall. She could not regain her usual form and faded, just last week, to make the Olympic team. A formidable skater when healthy, Inga is the world record holder at three of the Olympic distances—500 meters, 1,500 and 3,000. Lidia holds the remaining distance record, 1,000 meters.

On the Russian team, the girls are intense rivals, and all work tirelessly to beat one another. A typical daily workout for one of them begins like this: snug in track suit and woolly sweater, she warms herself up with 10 minutes of leg and arm movements. Then for 20 minutes she does gymnastics—jumping, bending, twisting, crouching, flipping and flopping. This limbers her up for a quarter hour of simulated skating, raising the leg high, throwing the body back. Then she runs 200 meters, slow, quick, slow, quick. After that, bending forward in skating stance, she jumps forward, jumps again, and keeps this up for 20 minutes. At this point she takes a short break. Then, as one girl says, the work begins. She runs 200 meters, takes a 90-second rest and runs that distance again. Inga used to run that distance only five times, but after her illness pushed it up to 20 times.

Such work by her teammates does not impress Lidia Skoblikova. "If anyone else runs 20 times 200," Lidia boasts, "I can do 40 times 200. And at faster speed." The girls do not find the training routine arduous, however, for they love skating. "I enjoy being the strongest in the world," says Lidia Skoblikova. "At the theater you ap-

plaud a good actor who gives you pleasure. When I have won a race, giving people pleasure, I like to skate around the stadium wearing the laurel wreath of victory. People applaud and that gives me pleasure."

When there is no ice, Lidia, Valentina and the other Russian girls practice on special roller skates fitted with a single central row of four thin rollers. Coach Elena Stepanyenko says the technique of skating is the same for ice skates and roller skates. "Even the mistakes in making turns we can correct on roller skates," Stepanyenko says. "In fact, roller-skates training is better because they are heavier than ice skates. They do more for the legs." Valentina, only five feet tall, complains: "They pull me down."

Coach Stepanyenko's girls are extremely conscious of their good looks, and take undisguised delight in displaying themselves at their shapely best. "Skating makes us more feminine," says Lidia. "We try to put on different costumes, depending on the weather. When it is warm we wear colored latex. We even knit our own hats. Mine's red and blue. And I have black skating costumes which suit me because I'm fair. We wear what we please."

What goes into these costumes, Valentina suggests, makes a difference too. "Cycling or skiing," she explains, "takes a lot of muscle. But skating does you no harm. It seems to me it must be interesting to watch women when they're racing along on skates."

Lidia, Inga and Valentina Stenina are all married. Inga is married to Gennadi Voronin, a former world champion—and one of those who did poorly in Japan last year as the Russian men lost their dominant position in the sport. Valentina's husband, Boris Stenin, was a world speed-skating champion in 1960 and, she says, "Skates bring us close together." Lidia's husband is a teacher at the Chelyabinsk Pedagogical Institute. "I think it's better not to be married to a skater," says Lidia. "You have more to talk about."

Though the Russians will be heavy favorites at Innsbruck, the girls themselves expect close competition. "The Poles are strong," Skoblikova notes. "So are the Germans, Finns and Japanese. We'd like to get some competition from the Americans. They're fine people."

But 30-year-old Valentina Stenina, soft-spoken and somewhat shy, is looking further ahead than that. "Our parents," she muses, "never thought we'd be skaters. Who knows? Maybe our children will be skating in space races."

CONTINUED





MAN WHO JUMPS WITH THE DEVIL

BY JOHN LOVESEY

In the dangerous and demanding world of international ski jumping, each competitor finds his mind riveted on two distant goals. One, obviously, is to jump farther than anyone else. This he may do. The other is to make the perfect jump, to attain that unwavering symmetry of style which will receive the maximum score from the five judges. This, by all the power of logic and the traditions of the sport, he may not do. For no man can be expected to achieve perfection while hurtling off an icy platform at 60 mph to land some 100 yards away, subject en route to all the vagaries of wind, fog, his own fear and the normal prejudices of the presiding judges. And, indeed, no man ever had achieved perfection until one year ago when Norway's Toralf Engan executed a leap of such artistry and power that the astounded judges gave him the highest score recorded in modern jumping history. Everyone conceded this was, indeed, the ultimate.

In his search for perfection, Engan had to overcome a crippling case of nerves while toughening his muscles until both mind and body became as hard as his hickory skis. Along the way he won an unprecedented string of championships and restored to his country the pre-eminence in jumping which had been lost to the Finns 10 years ago. Now, because of his flawless skill, because of the fierce concentration born of a score of years pursuing that perfect jump, Toralf Engan is an overwhelming favorite to win both the special jumping events at the Innsbruck Olympics.

In 1962 Engan took the almost impossible total of 24 out of 27 meets, including the world championship at Zakopane, Poland. Last year he compiled 17 victories, including an all-important triumph over East Germany's 1960 Olympic champion, Helmut Recknagel, on Innsbruck's Bergisel Hill, where the gold medal will be contested.

Because of Engan, Norwegians feel a renewed burst of national pride. There are 10,000 ski jumps of all sizes in Norway and all in good use. "Every time a small boy sets out for a small jump, he is a small Engan," says one Norwegian. Girls smother their bedroom walls with his pictures. Anything Engan does becomes news. His biography, *On the Top*, became a bestseller. Crowds turn out to watch him practice on the world-famous Holmenkollen jump at Oslo, even in the freezing night that makes the city glitter like an open jewel box.

Norway's national hero is 27 years old, a solid, 5-foot 6-inch, 143-pound package of tightly controlled emotion. He was born and lives in Helonda, a small, pleasant, remote rural village near Trondheim. Engan works in Trondheim for a sports equipment dealer and is informally engaged to a blonde clothing-store clerk named Elin Halvorsen. "I will marry," he says, "when I have the time."

Toralf began to ski in the woods around home at 3. By 7 he was jumping on skis left behind by the German army of occupation. When his father hit it lucky in a lottery, he bought Toralf his second pair of skis, and at 13 Toralf won the county championship. In 1955 he went off the big Holmenkollen Hill and won the national junior championship. By all outward indications, he should have then leaped right on to bigger prizes. But Norway's vast army of jumping experts, including the coaches in Engan's own ski club, dismissed him as a future champion because of his painfully obvious nerves. Jumpers have a deep devil inside that drives them to a kind of ice-cold fury before a start. Engan had this devil, but he was unable to control it. Before every meet he threw up his breakfast. His concentration was poor, his mind so tense and preoccupied that his jumps were sloppy. Furthermore, under the often haphazard training provided by his ski club coaches, Engan simply was not physically strong enough.

"When I was with the group," he explains, "and followed the basic training program, I found that after some events I felt weak. I told the trainers that I wanted to coach myself and try my own methods."

For two years Engan stopped jumping and put himself on a punishing program of muscle-building that he still follows. In the summer he plays soccer and dives from a springboard. All year round, four or five times a week, he does deep knee bends with a 100-pound weight across his shoulders. With a 30-pound sack of sand on his back, he hops on alternate feet up stadium steps, then jumps, feet together, over 3-foot-7-inch-high hurdles. His legs became so powerful that now, from a standing position, he can broad-jump 9 feet and high-jump 4½ feet. "Unlike most Norwegians," says a countryman, "Toralf has discipline."

As he whipped his body into shape Engan also polished his jumping technique, adopting the winning style of the Finns. From the top of a big hill like the Bergisel or the Holmenkollen, the inrun drops some 280 feet, a narrow, 42-degree pitch of crusty snow that has been watered and packed into sheer glaze ice. Engan began to master the frightening business of the quick push-step onto the inrun, the tight crouch with body curled against his knees as he gathered speed for the mile-a-minute takeoff. As he flushed off the lip, he learned to throw his body far forward, his back slightly bent in the shape of an airplane wing section. As he hurtled outward, Engan's nose came to within mere inches of his ski tips, his arms at his sides so his hands could guide his flight like the ailerons of a plane. Just as important, he began to get real power in his takeoff. Today his extreme push off the lip is so strong that he may at any time

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overjump the steep landing slope on any hill, and to protect himself he frequently has to step onto the inrun further down than the normal starting point.

In the discipline of physical training Engan also developed the mental muscle to hold his nerves in check. He has learned to withdraw into himself completely before a meet. In the last hours before a jump he spends 30 minutes silently waxing his skis. Then he inspects his boots and bindings, and meticulously goes over the jump in his mind. "I am criticized," he says, "because I don't talk to others before jumping, but I am using these things to help me concentrate. I try to control my body right down to my feet. I have been teaching myself this since I was 15."

By 1959, though Engan had trained hard enough to be considered one of the top half a dozen jumpers in Norway, he still was not up to Olympic standards. After the tryouts for the 1960 team that went to Squaw Valley he was left off the squad. At the time it was reported that he was sick and unable to travel. However, Thorleif Schjelderup, once Engan's coach, emphatically believes it was still nerves, not physical sickness, that kept Engan off the 1960 Olympic team. But Engan himself demurs. "When we competed I just wasn't good enough."

Within a year, however, his Spartan program of mind and muscle training took hold, and Engan was, suddenly, good enough for anybody. In 1961 he won five of 10 meets, and in late March of 1962, after 22 more victories, he soared off the Holmenkollen Hill to win the oldest and, Olympics aside, most prestigious prize in winter sport. Still, Engan was dissatisfied. In his mind, always dangling just out of reach, he saw the image of the perfect jump. Before a meet in Falun, Sweden only a year ago, he said, "Every time I jump there is a failure. On some jumps the only thing I have done wrong is move a hand. When I make the good jump I am like an airplane, gliding with everything under control, completely safe, and with not a note of fear. But on the day when I make the perfect jump I will spring like a gazelle, float through the air and land as light as a feather."

Then, amazingly, at Falun he made it, the perfect jump shown at right, sailing 272 feet to break the hill record. He achieved a flight of sheer beauty, his arms pinned to his sides, his landing as elegant as a dancer's.

Even with the perfect jump behind him, however, Engan will still admit to fears sharp enough to occasionally penetrate his wall of will. "There are only two things that I am afraid of on the hill," he says. "One is fog. Sometimes I can see only 30 feet in front of me and 20 down the slope. It must be the same feeling a flyer feels when he is piloting a plane through a thick cloud. I have to calculate all the way and hope for the best."

The other fear is wind. "Very often up in the hills it blows hard. This is more dangerous than fog, and you have to maneuver with your hands to keep in line with the hill. You can steer like an aircraft, waving the hands and moving the skis up and down." Jumpers often have a distinct, but false, impression that they are going to land in the crowd.

Curiously, for a man who compares his jumps to airplanes and who has come closer to flying than most men since Icarus, Engan is afraid of traveling by plane. He

goes to extraordinary lengths to drive to competitions in his black Volkswagen. But even driving on the road can fill him with subliminal dread.

"Sometimes when I have been pumped out by a competition and have driven hundreds of miles home, I dream. I am driving my car too fast. Just as I am about to crash, I wake in a cold sweat, sitting up gripping the bottom of my bed. Then I laugh. I am safe."

In Engan's tightrope style, a jumping theory translated into astonishing reality, one slip means failure. In the 1963 Norwegian national championships, a few weeks after his perfect jump, he did slip, his fourth fall in 400 jumps. His tremendous spring carried him four yards beyond the hill record of 263 feet for a jarring landing on unprepared snow. Shortly thereafter, weakened by an attack of flu, and just possibly by a last, lingering case of nerves ("At the top of the jump, I listen to the whole crowd, knowing that they are expecting everything of me"), he fell again in an attempt to win his second successive Holmenkollen title. Norway was astounded, but not downcast, since the winner was Engan's countryman, Torbjorn Yggseth. But Nor-





His skin perfectly parallel, his body thrust forward like an arrow, Toralf Engan soars through the finest jump in modern ski history.

way—in fact, the whole ski-jumping world—was even more astounded by the second and fourth finishers in the 1963 Holmenkollen: John Ballanz of Minneapolis, and Gene Kotlarek of Duluth.

Ballanz was the first American ever to place in a major European jump. Kotlarek was only a fraction of a point out of third. And they achieved these unprecedented results with such authority and poise that they must—along with Yggeseeth, Becknagel, Veikko Kanikonen of Finland, and perhaps one of the fast-improving Russians—be considered the main threats to Engan on the Bergsel hill.

Engan, however, is unconcerned with any single rival, regardless of nationality. His one thought is to prove, finally, that he is the world's premier jumper, and he is convinced that he will succeed. Indeed, he contemplates the Olympic competition with obvious delight. "I feel more supple," he says, "and stronger in the legs. My bad form at the end of last season has turned me into an attacker rather than the defender. I have to mount the throne again. This goes me to extra effort."

To insure the success of that effort, he returned last

spring and summer to his relentless training schedule. He also honed his balance by springboard diving and walking a tightwire. Then, when the early snow fell in the mountains around Trondheim, he was the first man out with skis. "It was good to feel snow under them," he says. "But I did not jump before December. My training program was more important." During the past few weeks, however, he has been jumping with all his former zest and precision. In his mind, too, he is confident and at ease.

"I honestly feel more relaxed, as if I have come of age," he says. "I want to be back in the position I was before Holmenkollen and I think my frame of mind today gives me the necessary inner strength to do it. I'm more optimistic than ever before."

"If Engan succeeds on a hill," Coach Schjelderup says, "the others are just competing there for second place. Only his nerves can beat him."

Engan feels now that nothing can beat him. "I have locked my mind and I have conquered my nerves," he says. "Only after the last jump of a competition I turn a lock to unfree my mind. Again, I became an ordinary man."

CONTINUED

LONELY QUEST IN LAPLAND

BY DONALD S. CONNERY

Close to the Swedish border in Finnish Lapland, 15 miles above the Arctic Circle, a tiny form darts, elflike, through forests of pine and fir. Moving forward on a pair of slender skis, stabbing the snow carpet with two sticks, slithering downhill, pumping uphill, the figure disappears in the gray clouds that sit like mournful ghosts atop the highest slopes. In the valleys below, reindeer tiptoe around isolated villages and warmly bundled children bicycle on frozen rivers.

This is a remote land, of quiet, almost eerie beauty, a setting for an old-fashioned fairy tale. But for the farmers and woodcutters and reindeer herders who live here, it is also a land of bitter pervading cold, where the infirm or unbraced who try to travel after dark are sometimes discovered stiff as icicles when the long, long arctic night has passed. To a dark, wiry Finn named Eero Mantiyanta, who is indeed the elusive figure gliding through the forests on his slender cross-country skis, it is a way of life as natural as the rolling Pacific to a Polynesian or the dry desert heat to an Arab. Mantiyanta has lived in this unique world for the full 26 years of his life. He put on his first pair of skis when he was 3 years old. He fell through the ice at 10 and was fished out stiff as a frozen carp and revived. He won his first silver cup for skiing at 11 and has been busy ever since winning enough cups and other baubles to stock a fair-sized gift shop. He is now the foremost Finn in that lonely, exhausting sport known as cross-country skiing, at which his nation has long excelled. If skiing glory should come to Finland in these next two weeks, Mantiyanta is the nicest most likely to bring it.

He is a man with a singular capacity for solitude and self-discipline. He needs it, for the loneliness of the long-distance skier is particularly intense. Most sports surround an athlete with teammates, opponents and crowds. But in cross-country, the individual competitor is sent off in an interval between opponents to race against times that oth-





ers record while he is out on the course—or after he finishes. His field of combat is an undulating snow track snaking through trees, sharp turns, sudden ascents and descents. Except for rare encounters with overtaken opponents, the racer is alone with his agony and his ambition. A 15-kilometer run (9.3 miles) will take him a bit over 45 minutes; the 30-kilometer about an hour and 40 minutes and the 50-kilometer just under three hours.

The real loneliness, however, comes in training. Men like Mantyranta condemn themselves to a kind of solitary confinement in the great, gusty outdoors, going out day after day to slip through the forests for long hours without meeting another soul. This confinement calls for special human qualities, and Fero Mantyranta is a special kind of man. In appearance, he is quite unlike the great blond gods the Scandinavian countries seem to produce for their athletic teams. Mantyranta's hair is black and brushed straight back. Black eyebrows make long arcs over his brown eyes. His face has, in fact, a touch of the Mediterranean, complementing a personality that is pleasing, modest and good-natured. No dour Finn, he laughs easily, and, in the words of a countryman, "seems to have a bit of the Italian about him." He weighs only 143 pounds and stands 5 feet 7 inches. He would like to have another inch or two just to lengthen his skiing stride; otherwise his whippetlike body is eminently suited to the task of streaking over the track on the lightest possible skis. Most important, however, he possesses an ability to concentrate and endure, a mental toughness that the Finns are fond of calling *sisu*. This word is, in a harsh gray land, a national slogan. It means, roughly, guts.

Mantyranta was born in November, 1937 near the village of Pello in northwestern Finland, just above the Gulf of Bothnia. He lived on a small farm three kilometers distant from his school and on the other side of a lake. He would walk and row to school in warm weather and—like all other rural Finns—go by skis and ice skates in winter. As a teenager he experienced a loneliness that was severe even by the harsh standards of this empty land. "My two older brothers would go out in the woods and work together," he says. "I would go out alone, cutting down and trimming trees."

It was during these difficult early years that Mantyranta began to thirst for the glory of ski competition. In Finland, he explains, "Your boyhood heroes are sportsmen,

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OLYMPIC HEROES *continued*

especially skiers. They do almost entirely cross-country, because Finland has very few hills or lifts. You start training because you think it must be wonderful to be just like them. You don't realize how hard it is."

Mantyranta had both the tenacity and stamina to stick to training. Today his record is both long and distinguished for a man of only 26, for by the calendar of maturity of the cross-country racer, he should be just now entering his prime. He began on a national scale in 1955 by placing 10th in the Finnish championship's 10-kilometer race for boys 17 and 18 years old. By 1959, he was a member of the winning Finnish relay team at the Boden, Sweden games. And in the 1960 Winter Olympics he earned a gold medal for helping take the 4 x 10-kilometer relay for Finland.

After that, Mantyranta had a stunning succession of individual triumphs in the 15-kilometer and 30-kilometer triumphs at Le Brassus, Switzerland, the Finnish championships, the Ounasvaara games, the Boden games, Norway's Holmenkollen games, the 1962 world championships at Zakopane, Poland and the 1963 games at Umea, Sweden.

This sort of sampling of the record gives only the barest hint of the staggering number—some 300—and variety of competitions that Mantyranta has entered in his career. It is a quantity of skiing all the more notable because of the nature of his occupation. He is now a Finnish customs guard who spends much of his working time on skis. He dresses in white for camouflage, straps on a pistol and goes out by day and in the long, cold Lapland night to stop illegal crossings of the Finnish-Swedish border.

Mantyranta is content with his customs job because it enables him to live in his hometown and spend his mornings in training. He gets some time off with pay to enter most important competitions, but the days off for less important races are squeezed out of his vacation time. At present, he is deeply annoyed that his government will not pay him during the two-month leave he has just taken to get himself in fighting trim for the Olympics. Many Finns deplore this, too, but they assure any foreigner that "ours is a poor country" and has little money for its athletes.

At home, Mantyranta lives in a two-bedroom house just outside Pello, a town of 3,000. His wife Raakel is a shy, blonde, hometown girl whom he married in 1958. They have a 4-year-old girl and a boy of almost 2 years ("he will start skiing next spring"). The children climb constantly on their accommodating father as if he were a favorite gum tree. The house is full of the kind of potted plants that Scandinavians and Russians love to have indoors through the long winters when a reluctant sun appears only briefly, if at all. There are dogs bounding all over the place, a sauna out beyond the boiler room, rifles and pistols hanging from reindeer horns and picture-postcard views of snow-blanketed fields from every window. The living room is lined by glass cases stuffed with more than 200 silver and gold trophies.

Although he occasionally plays the mandolin and looks at a book, Mantyranta's real recreation is hunting. Sking has become his cross. As a boy, he was fired with the desire to excel in sking, and thus felt a certain amount of joy in the daily struggle. "Now," he says, "the only satisfaction I get out of it is winning. Many times during competition I tell myself I won't go through this again. But when it's

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over I forget it and the next thing I know I'm lined up for another race. Then, if I come in third or fourth the papers say I'm competing too much, but if I refuse to compete they scream. Sometimes I look in the paper and I find my name has been entered for a competition I didn't know about.

"Well, it gets to be too much. Sometimes we have to turn out the lights, lock the door and not answer the phone just to get some peace."

His wife is proud of his success but anxious for him to quit. Although his visits to other countries, brief as they are, have given Mantyranta a taste of the outside world (thanks to the jet age he finds all countries "pretty much alike"), Raakel hopes that he will soon be able to stay home with her, the kids and the trophies. Even when Mantyranta is home, he is usually out in the snow, doing a regular 60 kilometers on a variety of tracks which take him to his parents' farm, where he stops for a change of clothes, and then home again.

When he dresses for training or competition his uniform is so light that he would soon freeze to death if he were foolish enough to stand still for long. On top of long underclothes he wears a white long-sleeved windproof blouse and blue trousers tucked into thick white stockings that reach just below his knees. His boots are low and flexible, very much like a pair of spikeless track shoes. Fully dressed and in repose, he looks like a high-stocked baseball player, vintage 1910. Then he plants on his head a brightly colored wool cap, like the one he is wearing at right, and steps lithely onto his slim racing skis. Made of laminated birch, they are only 2½ inches wide, 6 feet 8 inches long. At the tips they curl like Persian slippers. To allow for the heel lift of the racer's exaggerated stride, the skis are clamped to his shoes only at the toes.

Mantyranta's ski poles are especially long to give him those precious extra inches of momentum. Knees bent at all times, torso leaning forward in an exaggerated crouch, he takes long sliding steps with his skis, using his poles constantly for extra thrust and balance. At any one point in time he will actually be traveling on just one ski while the other is lightly raised from the snow, skimming forward. At top speed his arms and legs resemble a scissor in fast motion. Trees brush past his elbows and stamps seem to reach out to snare him. Suddenly the track dips and he hurtles downhill.

The downhill slopes are welcome, of course. "When you think you're so exhausted you can't go on, a good downhill run will give you a chance to recover your strength." But it is the uphill sking that separates the champions from the also-rans. Going uphill, the cross-country skier usually plants his skis firmly in rapid steps, pushes hard on his poles and applies all the forward body motion he can get. If his skis slip he realizes that his wax has failed him, or else he has failed to wax properly. And it is an axiom of this frustrating sport that the talent for choosing and applying the right wax can make all the difference. If Mantyranta has any noticeable weakness it is his self-admitted lack of confidence in waxing.

"Choosing a wax," Mantyranta explains, "depends on so many factors. If it is a hard frost with sharp particles you need a hard wax. If the snow is soft and sticky you

choose a softer wax. But what if it's a hard frost at the heights and soft in the valleys? You have to decide whether it is old snow or new snow and what the temperatures are at different places on the track. When the temperature is just at freezing, it's murder. I have the feeling I will never learn to wax properly."

Once on the course, however, Mantyranta is a shrewd competitor who knows how to shave seconds off his running time. He will, for example, take full advantage of depressions in the track which enable him to flex his skis at the exact instant of bridging the hole, so he can spring forward with an extra burst of speed. "This is where experience counts," says Mantyranta. "You have to achieve a certain rhythm and then pace yourself. You have to get used to the strain and all the hard effort without getting hot or letting your pulse beat too fast. There's no time to relax. You hit your top speed early and try to sustain it all the way. Sometimes things start blurring in front of you and you think that you've had it, but then there might be a downhill to let you get your breath back. Sometimes it can be very discouraging when you start off in a good mood and then find that your skis don't play well and you know you're going to lose."

Finland will send to Innsbruck an Olympic squad of some 25 members. The top man, of course, is Mantyranta. He can go any distance, and may do them all—15, 30 and 50 kilometers. He feels perfectly ready, though the Olympic cross-country course at Seefeld is, according to Mantyranta, the toughest, most exhausting he has ever encountered. It seems to defy nature by going uphill much more than downhill, including one solid five-kilometer uphill stretch on the 30-kilometer track. Exactly one year ago, Mantyranta skied at Seefeld and came in 10th in the 30-kilometer run. This time, he has been given just a week at Seefeld before the Olympics to get used to the track.

What Mantyranta and the rest of the Finns find even more ominous than the Seefeld course, however, are the stories—and the evidence in their own backyard—of extraordinary efforts by other countries to train their skiers. On the Lapland trails these past months, the Finns have been running into East Germans and Japanese. Italians are going to Sweden, and Swedes have been going to Italy. To Mantyranta, it is the Italians who look like the big new threat in cross-country sking. "They have been doing a lot of training, and they are used to the altitude at Seefeld." Marcello de Doriga strikes him as the greatest Italian skier. Among the Norwegians, he rates Harald Gronningen as the top man. Of his Finnish colleagues, he suggests Arto Tiainen and Kalevi Hämäläinen, a two-time gold medalist.

In terms of great expectations, however, Mantyranta himself is the man to watch. He has a cool, unemotional, almost cynical approach to his task. Since the beginning of winter, he has skied—exclusive of competitions—well over 1,000 kilometers to get his muscles in perfect condition. But he looks at downhill sking anxiously and wonders just when it was that the fun went out of cross-country sking. Even so, he admits there are still magical moments in the depths of the forests when only his own whispering skis disturb nature's deep silence. He feels the wonder of it all and knows he would live no other way in no other place.

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A FLASH OF FIRE ON THE ICE

BY JAMES BELL

When Germany's Marika Kilius and Hans-Jürgen Bäumler, the pairs figure-skating champions of the world, stand at center ice in Innsbruck, ready to perform, they will seem as calm and confident as champions should be. But, according to their own description of past competitions, they will be as tense as novices. "I am thinking we will never make it," says Bäumler. "If we get to the halfway point I will admit to myself that perhaps we have a chance. It is only toward the end that I begin to think we will get through, and this gives me strength."

Marika is terrified, too. "I am more nervous than Jürgen," she admits. "But I know we simply must make it and so I whisper, 'Come on, Jürgen,' and off we go."

Indeed they do. To the opening notes of Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique*, Kilius and Bäumler whirl into their five-minute performance, executing cartwheels, split lifts and, for a finale, a death spiral. The routine is extremely difficult; it includes many maneuvers others avoid, and this is exactly why Kilius and Bäumler are figure skating's outstanding pair.

For that matter, they are the most skillful performers in the entire sport. In singles competition, the gold medalists of 1960 have retired and those Americans who promised to take their places were killed in the 1961 plane crash in Belgium. Sjoukje Dijkstra of Holland should win the girls' title, but she lacks the flair of an outstanding champion. In the men's division, Alain Calmat of France is the favorite but, again, an ordinary favorite. Only in the pairs division, where Kilius and Bäumler meet the Protopopovs of Russia, will the competition be of Olympic class.

Marika Kilius is 20, with ash-blond hair and an eye-catching figure. Bäumler is 21, dark and slender but, as the picture at left shows, powerful enough to perform the spectacular lifts for which they are noted. Both of them owe their careers to their mothers, who have at least firmly guided, if not pushed, their children toward the winners' platform. Frau Lene Kilius gave her daughter her first pair of skates when she was 5. Three years later Marika won the German junior pairs with her first partner, a 14-year-old named Franz Ningel. She has been winning ever since.

Bäumler got his first pair of skates in a CARE package. When his mother, a divorcee, got a job with an ice show in Garmisch, Hans-Jürgen had a place to practice. Erich

Zeller, the star of the show, noticed the boy's flair for skating and started giving him lessons from 5 until 7:30 each morning. After only three weeks of Zeller coaching, Bäumler placed third in the German junior championships.

Kilius and Bäumler became a team in 1957. Marika had grown taller than Franz Ningel—"Why don't you pick him up, Marika?" people shouted—and it was apparent the partnership could go no further. When Frau Kilius suggested to the Bäumlers that they join forces, Coach Zeller endorsed the idea. "Jürgen is a marvelous free skater," he said, "but because he does not care for school figures, he will never become a singles champion." Reluctantly, Bäumler agreed. Two years later the new team won the European championships, and they have won it every year since.

Success has brought the two skaters little more than fame. Jürgen and his mother live in two small, modestly furnished rooms in Garmisch. For half of each year, October to March, Marika and her mother also live in Garmisch, staying in one cramped room and sharing a double bed. The rest of the year they live in the family apartment in Frankfurt.

Although Marika and Jürgen are young and attractive, their relationship is strictly business. Off the ice they go their separate ways. Marika is rumored to be engaged to the son of a wealthy German manufacturer. Bäumler plays the field. "I'd rather have a good girl friend in every city than one wife at home," he says.

Marika gives the impression of being a cold, hard girl. "It is a fact that she cannot cry," says her mother. "She settles things deep inside herself." But there is also a wild side to Marika. She drives her mother to despair by indulging in dangerous sports like bobsledding and horseback jumping.

Bäumler also has the daredevil in him, driving his red Fiat 600 D at breakneck speeds. "Apparently he's trying to crack the sound barrier," says Zeller. Bäumler loves it. "When the tires whistle," he says, "that's when it's right."

Assuming Zeller can keep his youngsters away from bobsleds, horses and Fiats until after the Olympics, Kilius and Bäumler should win a gold medal for Germany. "If we make it without a mistake, we will win it," Marika says flatly. The chances are good that, nervous though they may be, Kilius and Bäumler will make no mistakes in Innsbruck.

CONTINUED



OLYMPIC HEROES continued

THE INFLEXIBLE FLYER

BY COLES PHINIZY

The bobsledder is a rare breed found only in certain frigid mountain pockets. Except when the Winter Olympics come around, he is seldom seen or heard from. His triumphs usually go unsung; his grandest moments are seldom trumpeted. It is usually only some little mistake that he makes while traveling 50 miles an hour on glare ice that finally earns him an obituary notice.

Though the sport of bobbing has never been well known or appreciated, it has always shone with an international luster. Prinz Wilhelm of imperial Germany was a bobber (until his father made him give it up), and so was Baron Edvard Alexander von Fals-Fein of Liechtenstein (until his wife made him quit). On more recent lists of bobbers

one finds Lord Suffolk of England, the Marquis de Portago of Spain, Baron Jonny de Crawher of Belgium, and Aarman Third Class Smokey Williams of Scotland Neck, North Carolina.

It has for the most part been persons of title or rank who have brought the sport what little publicity it has had, although an actual fact, since its birth some 70 years ago, bobbing has attracted not only the idle rich and the noble poor but also all manner of other men: hustlers and dreamers, soldiers and civil servants, insurance adjusters and funeral directors, butchers and doctors, executives and clerks.

The best bobber of them all beyond any point of argu-

ment is a 36-year-old Italian, Eugenio Monti, of the town of Cortina in the valley of Ampezzo. Monti is a small, obdurate chip off the old Dolomites. His countrymen call him a *montasaro*, a mountain man—which means that he is only slightly more outgoing than a chamois and about as hard to track down. The old Appalachian highlanders and the New England whaling men could have understood his ways. He speaks only when he has some point to make, and when he does have a point to make he drives it home with the skill of a Nantucket harpooner.

Eugenio Monti likes the freedom of big mountains; he likes the growling, grumbling speed of a bobsled on slick ice and the singing speed of skis on steep, hard-packed slopes. When asked recently by a visitor how he likes his small town of Cortina now that its streets and slopes are clogged every winter with tourists, Monti simply replied: "They drive too slow. They ski too slow. But they spend money fast."

In 1956, when the Winter Olympic Games were held in Cortina, Eugenio Monti won two silver medals. He piloted a two-man bobsled, like the one he is pushing to a running start at left, to second place behind his teammate, Lamberto Dalla Costa, and a four-man sled to second place behind the Swiss mechanic, Franz Kapus. Although he had never been in a sled before 1954, since the Cortina Games Monti has never been beaten in world competition in a two-man sled. He has won six world titles in that event and two more in the four-man event. In bobsledding the winner is determined on the basis of aggregate time for four runs down a slick, curvy course that, depending on the one used, varies in length from 1,500 meters to slightly more than a mile. According to the length of the course and its condition, the total time for four runs is somewhere between 4½ and 5½ minutes, and the difference between winner and runner-up is often less than 1/5 of a second. Considering that a single misjudgment can thrust a front-running team hopelessly back into the rack, Monti's domination of the sport for nearly a decade is remarkable. It is all the more so considering that he is a bobsledder not by choice but by mischance.

Monti was born, people say, with a taste for speed. As the child of a valley guarded by the steep flanks of the Dolomites, he sought speed, logically enough, on the ski slopes, where the downhill and slalom events offered entrancing diversity not possible in bobsledding. As a 23-year-old, in the downhill event in 1951 he already was abreast of the Italian veteran skier, Zeno Colo, who won the gold medal in the 1952 Winter Olympics in Oslo. Recklessly rocking off a hummock onto bare ground in a minor competition, Monti crashed, tearing the ligaments of both knees beyond total repair. He tried sports cars for a while, driving an Osca in a few minor battles, but gave it up as costing more than it was worth. He settled upon bobsledding as a decently fast career where a hobbled man would need the full, free flexion of his knees perhaps only to say a short prayer before each run.

Monti comes from fairly humble stock, but if his family ever gets the urge to climb, to lift the name of Monti, as it were, to the lordly level of bobsers of yore, a coat of arms of the House of Monti would be easy to devise. In one quadrant of the Monti heraldic shield there should be

snowflakes rampant—a symbol with a conflicting, dual meaning. Monti is currently coproprietor of a ¼-mile ski lift and thus quite literally earns his living from the heaven-sent drifts. But the motto enscrolled under the Monti coat of arms should read, "*Ghiaccio, non nero*" (ice, not snow), for like most good modern bobsers, Monti loves a course of slick ice and hates the pretty little snowflakes with a constant, and sometimes active, passion. Snow slows up the track.

It is true that the order of start for each of the four runs in a competition is juggled so that the driver who has the disadvantage of going down a snowy track first gets a faster track the next time around. This perhaps makes the contest fair for ordinary drivers who steer fairly similar courses, but it cheats the genuinely competent driver out of the full use of his talents. Monti is a champion, a constant winner, primarily because he drives a different course, a better course, riding the curves high, reaching a precise apex; then diving downward again, stealing a precious hundredth of a second more from each curve than his lesser rivals can.

Monti is not a daredevil. He has overturned only once, smashing his nose and scarring his face. He has won his world titles on all the five classic courses in the world. He has won at the beautiful track in St. Moritz and has wrung the ultimate in speed from the Zig Zag curve at Lake Placid, where Frank Beattie was thrown 100 feet to his death in 1955. He has won time and again through the Crystal curve in Cortina, where Jet Pilot Luciano Mozzolo was killed in 1957, and in Garmisch, where three have been killed. He won last year—and will be competing again next week in the Olympics—in Innsbruck, where Gunnar Ahls of Sweden broke both legs and sheared off his front teeth and Claude Brasseur of France left a bloody streak three inches wide and 50 feet long. The fact that on ice death sometimes comes on short notice interests Monti not at all. He likes the ice because it is a fair test, the victory earned on it an honest one.

In one quadrant of the Monti shield, of course, there should be gold stars, one for each of his world titles. The other two quadrants should have two or three black stars and a pair of crossed shovels. The black stars would represent the world titles that Monti probably would have won but did not, and the crossed shovels would symbolize the reason why he did not win them.

In 1960 in Cortina and again in 1961 at Lake Placid, Monti won both the two-man and four-man titles, and he was favored to win them again in 1962 in Garmisch. But Monti did not even compete that year, because he has not only a distaste for snow but also a mountain man's typical disdain for the injustices of petty officials. Back in 1958, when the world championships also had been held in Garmisch, Monti had struck a simultaneous blow against snow and petty officialdom, using only a shovel. After he had won the two-man event that year on an icy-bright track, on the eve of the four-man event the meet officials decreed that snow be scattered on the course to make it safer. In the dark of night Monti and his three sled mates stole onto the track and began unofficially removing the official snow. For all their Italian wit, they had not reckoned with the Teutonic thoroughness of the Garmisch folk. Three watch-

continued

men had been posted near the track primarily to guard the garage full of precious sleds. A watchman came upon the Italians' parked car. The police and a police dog were summoned. Monti and his team were caught, shovels in hand, with 50 yards of track cleared of snow.

The next day, when a penalty of four seconds was imposed against his team, dashing its chances of winning, Monti was rueful, saying, "All I wanted was a fast run." Then perhaps goaded by the wide, mocking grins of newsmen, he reddened and raged, "This is the last time I will race here." As he turned on his heel and left, a Garmisch gamin pranced along behind him, making shoveling motions. Four years later the world championships returned to Garmisch, but Eugenio Monti, defending champion in both events, did not.

In the Winter Olympics in Innsbruck next week the obdurate Eugenio Monti will be trying to win the two-man title for the seventh and last time. The world championships were held on the new track in Innsbruck last year, and before the bleeding of the course was done, bobsleers of the U.S., Sweden, France, Canada, Switzerland and Germany had spilled all over the track. Ten of them were hospitalized. The Italian sleds, piloted by Monti and Sergio Zardini, sped through the course almost faultlessly, winning both events. Innsbruck thus would seem the perfect place for Monti to close out his career, but he is disappointed. The course is too easy (and what is more, the officials put horrid snow on it last year). Monti would prefer that his final contest be held on the challenging course at Lake Placid or on his home course in Cortina that is "*tutto ghiaccio e tante curve*"

(all ice and many curves). He would like, in brief, to finish with an honest test of his skill.

The easy Innsbruck course will tend to lessen the competition, but Monti will still have one unusual advantage: 29-year-old Sergio Siorpaes, who serves as his brakeman. Sergio Siorpaes is a distinct asset, although he defies one of the tiresome, platitudinous laws that have been laid down for all sports. It is said that to excel in any sport you must love it and have "desire," but Sergio Siorpaes, world champion brakeman, is the most reluctant dragon the realm of sport has ever known. "He does not like bobsledding," Monti explains, "but he likes me. I say to him, 'Come on, you are a good brakeman. You are clever.'"

"I have never liked bobsledding," Siorpaes agrees. "I have tried to renounce it several times. But they will not leave me alone—Monti and Giuseppe Menardi, president of the Club Di Bob. They do not hit me on the head, but they will not leave me in peace. I do it for Monti, a good kid who it is worth to collaborate with." Siorpaes first rode a sled in 1958. For his first 10 rides, as he recalls, he felt as though he were inside an electric washing machine. He has since then won four world titles riding with Monti in the sport that he does not like.

On most sled teams the end man, or brakeman, is little more than a parcel of human baggage. Once he has done his part in getting the sled off fast, it is his simple duty to hold on and not apply the brakes until they are needed at the end of the run. Monti agrees with the general bobsledding philosophy that, on a four-man sled, the two men between pilot and brakeman need do no more than sit still (closing

PEACE OF MIND ON A FRAGMENT OF WOOD AND STEEL



The smiling figure at left, his shoulders draped with a strange-looking object of wood and steel, is Fritz Nachmann of Rottach-Egern, Bavaria, world champion in the newest and least-known Olympic event. The sport is luge, and the contraption on Nachmann's shoulders is a luge (rhymes with huge), which he hopes to ride to a gold medal in Innsbruck.

A luge is what small European children (and some adults) ride down snowy hills on. In the U.S. it is called a sled. A European luge, like an American sled, is not much more than a wooden plank set on two iron runners, but when it is pointed down the side of an Alp it is not a toy for small children. Luges can travel almost 90 miles an hour, and to guide one through a treacherous sequence of hairpins and S curves requires supertight coordination, split-second reactions and plain old guts.

The origin of luge is lost in antiquity, but it probably began in the forests of the Tyrol, Bavaria and Bohemia

as a means of testing the bravado of woodcutters. They used pathways cut through the deep snow by the traffic of sleds loaded with heavy trees. The first recorded luge race took place in 1823 in the Sueden area, but it was not until more than 100 years later that the first world championship was held, and not until this year that luge was included in the Olympic program. According to Richard Hartmann, curator of luge for the German Bob and Sled Association, the reason that it took so long for luge to be accepted by the Olympic Games was the sport's basic lack of pretension. Says Hartmann: "A good two-man bobsled costs up to \$2,000. The best luge shouldn't cost more than \$55. For years it seemed as if the Olympic committee simply considered luge too square to admit it to the Games. But at last the enthusiasm of our promoters be-

their eyes and praying, if they care to). But on a Monti sled the brakeman, Sergio Siorpaes, serves as a second set of senses. Sitting to the rear, Siorpaes has a slightly different feel of every curve. After each run, Monti and Siorpaes compare impressions, and it is the melding of their sensations of each critical moment that brings them closer to perfection on the next run. Both of them watch the other sleds on the curves whenever they can, both of them study the course carefully before they run.

In Innsbruck, Monti could be beaten by his countryman, Sergio Zardini, who has consistently been his "pericolo minore uno." The American driver, Bill Hickey, might beat him—or Nash of Britain, or Thaler of Austria. In any case, whether he wins or loses (or is expelled before the start for shoveling snow after dark), his record will stand for a while. However long it stands, Monti will soon be forgotten—but then, obscurity is the proper destiny of a mountain man. Many people—old bobsleers and new—have tried to explain his particular greatness and have generally failed, lapsing into platitudes. It has been said that he has great tenacity, desire and a will to win, that he is a natural athlete, that he is nervous and nerveless. Some say that he studies every detail, every crack in the ice. This is not so. He spends long minutes, true, gazing at each curve, but it is not the precious details of it but rather the whole clean form and dimension of the curve that he is absorbing. His greatest strength is perhaps no more than an Italianate knack for seeing more than others can, as the Italian Da Vinci saw long ago when he painted the smile of a lady. Of his own skill Monti himself has said, "I cannot explain it, but I can do it."



Monti and Siorpaes ride dangerously high along a sharp curve

came contagious and we were accepted."

Many former bob enthusiasts have switched to the luge. One such person is Hans Plenk, a 25-year-old tile setter from Königssee who took second behind Nachmann in last year's world championship race in Inns, Austria. He says: "One might begin by comparing it with the difference between driving a Ferrari and driving a Go Kart. But, while the Ferrari goes about four times as fast as the Go Kart, a luge actually can go faster than a bob. On the Krynica course in Poland two years ago, a luge was clocked at 135 kilometers, almost 85 miles an hour. And the average speed on our own Königssee run amounts to 100 kilometers, or 60 miles an hour."

A luge course may run from 1,000 to 2,000 meters. A good course should include one left turn, one right, a hairpin, an S curve, a labyrinth and a lickity-split straightaway. The course is constructed like a chute, a baby bob run. The starting line is generally on a sharp decline, so, to begin, the competitors need only climb aboard and push off. Once under

way, the luge is ridden in a position that is halfway between sitting up and lying flat on one's back, all the time hanging on to a leather strap. The rider guides the flying sled with no more than body English and a slight pressure exerted on the runners either with his feet or the leather thong. The only braking possible is done with iron grates attached to the boots.

A luge must not weigh more than 44 pounds or have runners more than 48 centimeters (1½ feet) apart. No specific materials are prescribed for its construction, but the Austrians are rumored to have at least two plastic luges which, they hope, will prove more resilient and flexible than the wooden luges now used. Since weight increases speed, careful checks are made of participants to guard against an increase of poundage by nefarious means, such as sewing lead pellets into pants and pullovers. Crash helmets are obligatory, as are aluminum caps to protect elbows and knees.

In Innsbruck, where the course is 1,063.76 meters long, there will be three

luge events, men's singles and doubles and ladies' singles. In singles, each driver makes four runs down the course, one of them at night when the low temperatures make the track faster. In doubles, the drivers (the front man steers) make two runs, one at night. In both cases the winner is the luge with the best combined time.

There are no courses in the U.S.—in fact, there are only two sleds in the whole country—and for that reason the U.S. team, which has been doing its training in Poland, probably will win no medals. Fritz Nachmann, who has been racing and training since 1950 on the excellent courses in Garmisch and Königssee, is the probable gold medal winner in the men's singles, but as of last week he had not been entered on a two-man sled. He considers the Poles, East Germans and Austrians his most dangerous rivals. "But," Nachmann says, "it is a difficult sport to predict. It requires vigorous conditioning—weight lifting, gymnastics. But perhaps most important of all, you need peace of mind."

CONTINUED

A QUESTION OF HONOR

BY ROBERT CREAMER

Certain problems arise when one sets about the job of putting together an amateur ice hockey team to represent the United States in the Olympic Games. The word "amateur" is one. The Olympics are for amateurs, of course, and athletes who accept money for their sporting efforts are not amateurs—though this indictment depends more or less on arbitrary definition, since some amateurs are more amateur than others. Whatever the definition, the act of taking pay for playing has caused assorted runners, boxers, soccer players, figure skaters, swimmers, shotputters, skiers and others to be tossed from time to time on the athletic rubbish heap as sacrifices to the Olympic ideal that sport is for fun, not financial gain.

Ice hockey players are as subject to official disapproval as any other athletes, and perhaps even more so, since money and ice seem inextricably frozen together. The National Hockey League, the major professional organization in the sport, maintains farm clubs of amateur players—which appears to be a contradiction in terms. A young hockey player can pass back and forth between amateur and professional leagues with a facility and lack of censure that would be impossible in other sports. There is little hypocrisy involved in this, if you can accept amateur hockey's beautifully pragmatic definition of an amateur. An amateur, according to a prominent hockey official, is simply one who does not play in a recognized professional league.

That definition is generally accepted in hockey in non-Olympic years. In one famous instance, it permitted Grant Warwick, who had started professionally with the New York Rangers before retiring to private business and amateur hockey, to lead Canada to a world amateur championship. When Olympic time rolls around, the definition necessarily gets stricter but, even so, the Olympic fathers show a remarkable tolerance of the easygoing way amateur hockey operates. It is a good thing, too, for otherwise there would be no Olympic hockey. An Olympic definition of an amateur is a person who is not now, never was and has no intention of ever becoming moneyed by virtue of his athletic skills or the fame generated by such skills. There are few topflight amateurs in any sport who would qualify under a strict construction of that definition, and hockey players would not have a chance.

For example, one amateur league in the U.S. makes no great secret of the fact that it guarantees some of its players an income of \$125 a week. The player is given a job but technically is paid nothing for playing hockey. If, however, a \$125-a-week job cannot be found, the amateur team

may get him one at \$90 and make up the balance itself.

It sounds cynical, but in practice it is a logical and admirable arrangement. The cities in the amateur leagues are generally not large enough to support professional hockey, and games usually are played only on weekends. Yet the cities are able to get excellent hockey players to man their teams. The player finds himself with a good job that he can develop into something permanent. Some players eventually become well-established local citizens for whom hockey is a sideline. They continue to play hockey anyway, for the same reason that other men golf or go bowling. They like it. In other words, they have changed from pseudo-amateurs into pure amateurs—those who participate in sport for the love of it. The paradox must give Avery Brundage pause.

It also gives organizers of teams to represent the U.S. in international hockey competition a staggering headache. They have already been denied the use of the good amateur players who have become officially tarred by the professional brush. A case in point is that of John Mayasich, the superb defenseman who was one of the most valuable if not the most publicized members of the victorious 1960 U.S. Olympic team, which upset Canada and Russia in successive games to win the ice hockey gold medal. He is still one of the best amateur hockey players in the world, but the fact that he coaches as well as plays makes his status as an amateur so open to challenge under Olympic rules that he was not even considered for the U.S. squad this time—which is a shame. The organizers turn to the other good amateur players, but those who are in college or who have become settled in jobs regrettably decline the honor, particularly in non-Olympic years. As a result, inexperienced teams of lesser players go abroad and get clobbered, and the organizing committee is criticized.

In Olympic years the recruitment problem is eased somewhat, even though the amateur definition gets stiffer. The glory and prestige of the Olympics are enough of a carrot to tempt most of the eligible top amateurs. In the last 10 world championship tournaments held in non-Olympic years the U.S. has finished better than fourth only once and three times did not even enter a team. But in the last three Winter Olympics—1952, 1956, 1960—our hockey team finished second, second and first.

Bill Reichart, captain of the 1964 Olympic squad, is a classic example of the career amateur whose head has been turned, whose imagination has been stimulated, whose ambition has been fired by the Olympics. In previous years Reichart never had to make the choice of playing or not playing because, Canadian-born, he did not become an American citizen until September of 1963. He did not play on Canadian national teams, because Canada's custom

Splintering a pass of Czechoslovakian defenders and cradled by teammate Roger Christian, U.S. Team Captain Bill Reichart drives toward the Czech goal. In this pre-Olympic game, played in Chicago, the Americans upset the European 6-4 and circled around hopes that in Innsbruck the underdog U.S. squad might repeat its stunning 1960 Olympic victory.

before this year was to select entire teams to represent the country, rather than groups of individuals, and Reichart has played principally on American teams—both college and amateur—during his adult career.

"I don't think I would have tried out for the U.S. team if this had not been an Olympic year," Reichart admitted recently. "It takes too much time. I couldn't afford it. But the Olympics are different. They're worth the sacrifice and the effort."

At 28, Reichart has been playing competitive hockey winter after winter for almost 20 years. He grew up in Winnipeg, where he was constantly in an environment of first-class hockey. One of his close friends, an older boy who coached a kid team that Reichart played on, was Andy Bathgate, now captain of the New York Rangers and one of the superstars of the National Hockey League.

Reichart went to grammar school and high school in Winnipeg and then won a scholarship to the University of North Dakota, 140 miles south of Winnipeg in Grand Forks, N. Dak., on the North Dakota-Minnesota border. He played hockey there—he was All-America in 1955 and 1957—majored in geology and married an American girl. After graduating with a B.A. degree, he worked for two and a half years as a geologist with an oil company in Calgary and Edmonton in Alberta in western Canada. He disliked the long field trips, some of them lasting four, five, six weeks at a time, and finally quit. He played hockey in Denver and

Minneapolis and eventually went back to Grand Forks with his wife—they had two children at that time and have three now—and looked around.

A friend told him he ought to go to Rochester, Minn., where he could get a job with International Business Machines and play hockey for the amateur Rochester Mustangs. Reichart followed his friend's suggestion, and it turned out splendidly. He has led the Mustangs in scoring for three straight seasons and helped them win two league championships. He has worked for IBM for three years now and, as far as he is concerned, he expects to be with them forever.

"I've moved up a bit in the company," he said, "and there's plenty of opportunity to move higher. I like the work, I like the company, I like the town. I started out working on IBM's recreation program—they have 2,700 employees, and they have activities and leagues in just about anything you could mention. Then I moved into personnel. What I do mostly is recruit technical personnel for various IBM programs. I travel quite a bit, interviewing technicians and engineers. We run ads in newspapers in different cities—I've gone as far away as Salt Lake—saying when our personnel man will be in town for interviews, and then we talk to people. You have to know what you're talking about. We may not need a vacuum-tube man at a certain time, but if a man has a good background his chances might be good later. You have about 20 minutes to a half hour

continued



for each interview, and you have to learn to size up people fairly quickly.

"At any rate, it's my work now. It's the important thing. There is no question about which comes first—my job or hockey. If there's a conflict, I don't play hockey. In three years I've missed only one day of work because of hockey, and that was when we got snowbound in Green Bay and couldn't get back home in time."

Reichart filed his first papers for U.S. citizenship on May 27, 1960—he recalls the date the way you would a birthday or a wedding anniversary—and applied formally for citizenship three years later to the day, the first permissible date. On Sept. 18, 1963 he became a U.S. citizen, a month or so later he tried out for the U.S. squad and a month after that he was elected U.S. team captain. He seems a natural for the job. He is primarily a playmaker, even though he scores a lot of goals (in the last 10 years he has led every team he played with in scoring). He is short and light (5 feet 7, 155 pounds), though, as the photograph at right shows, his strong, heavily boned face and broad shoulders make him seem heavier than he is. He has a pleasant, open personality, a good speaking voice and remarkable poise. He appears to relish the responsibility and challenge of leadership.

When he spoke of the effort and sacrifice involved in playing on an Olympic hockey team, he was not using empty catchwords. Reichart had to obtain special leave from his job (this was easy in hockey-happy Rochester) and, while the prestige of being an Olympian cannot hurt a rising young employee, being away from his duties for three months cannot help too much. Most of the time, too, he would be away from home, away from his wife and his children. After the first few weeks, when the team was shaken down to a workable size, the travel was almost constant. Hockey teams cost a great deal to equip and house and feed and move about, and resources are almost nil. To raise money the Olympic squad played an extensive schedule of exhibition games as it trained and practiced itself into shape. Because playing dates had to be accepted whenever and wherever they could be worked in, the schedule became an unbelievable crazy quilt. The squad flew from its training base in Minneapolis-St. Paul to Colorado, played four games in five days in Colorado Springs and then returned to Minnesota and began its real barnstorming, hitting 19 towns in 31 days. From Dec. 2 to Jan. 1, the squad traveled from Minneapolis-St. Paul to Muskegon on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, north to Houghton, Mich. on the Upper Peninsula, west to Duluth at the head of Lake Superior, south to Waterloo, Iowa, east to Madison, Wis., northwest to Winnipeg, Man., south again to Warroad, Minn. on Lake of the Woods near the northernmost point of the continental U.S., west to Grand Forks, N. Dak., back to Minneapolis, east to Hershey, Pa., north to Syracuse, N.Y., back west to Fort Wayne, Ind., Port Huron, Mich. and Rochester, Minn., east again all the way to Boston, south to Philadelphia, out west again to Chicago, back east to Johnstown, Pa. and finally to Princeton, N.J. before flying to Europe.

Players came and went during the tour. Promising hopefuls proved disappointing. Unheralded players looked better than anticipated. In the States, Eddie Jeremiah held

himself carefully aloof from his squad. "I don't want to get too close to them yet," the U.S. coach, on leave from Dartmouth College, said. "A lot of them are going to be cut before we get to Europe, and if you're too friendly with them it can affect your judgment. When we get to the final squad, the 17 men we'll take across, then I'll get close. Then we have to become a team." During the long trips, and hurried meals, the few veterans of international competition told their less experienced comrades what it would be like at Innsbruck.

"You think you get excited during a game here. Wait till you hear that crowd whistling at you in Europe. They really gave it to us in Germany. We hit a couple of guys, and they got on us."

"The Canadians left a trail through Sweden. The Swedes were sore. Big headlines in the papers calling the Canadians dirty players."

"Stay close to the Swedes. They can't take it. But those Russians. You've never seen anything like those Russians, the way they skate, the way they pass!"

"In 1961 the Canadians bodychecked the Russians for 10 straight minutes at the start of the game. They didn't even try for the nets. Then the Russians tried to do it, but they didn't know how. They started getting penalties."

"Those Czechs can be good. Give them a goalie, that's all. They play good, rough hockey."

Walter Bush, the Minneapolis lawyer and hockey nut who, as general manager of the 1964 team was largely responsible for recruiting the squad, arranging the exhibition schedule, working out a budget, raising the money and taking abuse for everything that went wrong, said one night in the team bus, as it plowed its way through a Wisconsin snowstorm a couple of hours after midnight, "It's an awful lot of work. But hockey is a game I like very much. It's meant a lot to me, and I feel that whatever I can do for it in return I owe to it. I hope this team will do well in the Olympics. It's going against very tough opposition. The Russians are No. 1. You can put the Canadians, the Czechs, the Swedes and the U.S. in a hat for second. If we get a couple of good breaks, we could do it. We'll probably finish fifth. If we finish lower than that, I'll be disappointed. And I hope, I hope we do better."

In Europe the squad began to see what it would be up against in Innsbruck. The Americans had defeated the Czechs in an exhibition game in Chicago in December, but in Czechoslovakia in January they lost three straight times and later on they looked unimpressive as they beat a mediocre Swiss team. But they had played a staggering amount of hockey in two months and could have been slightly stale. Eddie Jeremiah said in Switzerland, "They're just going through the motions. Let's hope they rise to the occasion when they play the big boys in Innsbruck."

Bill Reichart said, "It's a long grind. I got home once or twice before we left for Europe, but overall I'll be away from my wife and kids for 10 weeks. A long time. But I'm an amateur hockey player, and the most important competition an amateur can ever be in is the Olympic Games. It's worth the trouble. It's quite an honor. I hope we live up to it."

END





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PEOPLE

If Pentagon aides start studying the sports page with a little more care in the future, nobody in Washington will be surprised. The new boss of the Army, Secretary **Stephen Ailes**, is an ex-Princeton 150-pound footballer and a compulsive sports fan who plays squash every day, never misses a Redskin game if he can help it, shoots golf in the low 80s, loves tennis and maintains several carefully stocked fly-fishing ponds on his Martinsburg, W. Va. farm.

"You want a card?" asked the impatient dealer at a Las Vegas blackjack table last week. "What you got in the hole?" asked the player, outraging every rule of every casino as he tried to make up his mind. "Come on," said the dealer, "either take a card or fold." Whereupon Heavyweight Champion **Sonny Liston** reached across the table, turned over the dealer's hole card, saw it was a 10, compared the dealer's total of 18 to his own total of 16 and announced, "O.K., hit me." He lost.

Like a couple of kids who started out playfully poking each other, California's Governor **Pat Brown** and Nevada's Governor **Grant Sawyer** suddenly were slugging it out in a verbal toe-to-toe and meaning it. The row began when Brown and some of his co-staters jokingly suggested that they annex Nevada and call it East California. Sawyer and his friends countered by urging California to give back the town and county called Nevada that lies within its boundaries. By last week, as the punches got harder, Brown accused Nevada's gamblers of polluting a lake

that belongs to California. Sawyer countered acidly that if this was the California attitude he was willing to forget plans for a jointly operated park along their border. Besides, he charged, there were more gamblers in one California county than in the whole state of Nevada.

Under the heading **NORRISSE ONCE** and in phrases of a gallantry seldom seen on sports pages, France's *L'Equipe* noted that international screen idol **Maximilian Schell**, stopping off in Istanbul with his good friend **Princess Soraya**, had "drawn on spiked boots" to take part as a journalist in a match against a team of local soccer referees. "It was he," said *L'Equipe*, "who saved the honor of the journalists." Translation: Max kicked the goal that beat the refs 1-0.

With things the way they are in Zanzibar, it is a pretty good idea for politicians to keep fit—against the need of a quick getaway. That, perhaps, was what Foreign Minister (pro tem) **Sheik Abdul Rahman Mohammed Babu** was thinking as he plied a brisk paddle (*trigler*) in a recent regatta in Dar es Salaam harbor.

It was definitely leap year on the nation's bowling alleys. In Minneapolis the crack **Golden Valley Lanes**' ladies bowling team spotted Minnesota Twins **Rich Rollins**, **Lee Stange**, **Lenny Green**, **Dick Stigman** and **Jimmie Hall** 62 pins and beat them by a total of 2,773 to 2,765. Meanwhile, Mrs. **Andrew Fisher**, the mother of North Dakota's famed quintuplets and the lone woman on the **Aberdeen Lanes**' six-man Western

Corral team, signed up for her 11th National Bowling Tournament.

"Do you have a tennis court here?" asked **Chuck McKinley** as he and his Davis Cup teammate **Dennis Ralston** dropped by the White House. "I don't think so," said their host, President **Lyndon Johnson**, but he promptly was set straight by an ex-champion, Mrs. **Pauline Betz Addie**, who had accompanied the victorious cup players. "There's a cement court out there somewhere under the snow," she told the President. "Could be," he replied. "I've only been here 50 days, and I'm not sure just what's in this place."

With the football season safely out of the way at last, the University of Kentucky's new president, Dr. **John Oswald**, revealed that he is a frustrated quarterback at heart—and a pretty fair one at that. "I'm going to call the first play of the first game," the former DePauw footballer told a

friend at the start of the season, "then return to academic matters." So what happened? On the first play Kentucky got a touchdown.

The logic employed by the Great Red Hunter seemed irrefutable as always—if you didn't listen too closely. "The American imperialists," roared Comrade **Khrushchev** with a homeric laugh, "are getting hoarse shouting that events in Panama are Fidel Castro's doing. But Comrade Castro is not in Panama; he is here in Kallinin, vacationing with me and shooting wild boar."

"I just love football," cooed the 25-year-old Texas schoolteacher whose name used to be **Norwa Knobel**, and that is a good thing. For in order to qualify as the future Mrs. **Lamar Hunt**, a distinction she attains this week, the former Miss Knobel had to accompany the pugsin-happy owner of the Kansas City Chiefs to no less than 30 football games in one season alone.



The fastest boy in the West challenges a champion

In Los Angeles they came to see Belgium's superb distance runner, Gaston Roelants. He won, all right, but it was a slim 17-year-old high school senior, Gerry Lindgren, who ran away with the applause



Three years ago in Boston a 17-year-old Canadian youngster named Bruce Kidd ran in a two-mile race against grown men and startled the stopwatches out of everyone by running it in 8 minutes 49.2 seconds—which is something like getting elected governor at the age of 23. No one had ever heard of a 17-year-old running two miles that fast before, and no one heard of it since, until last Saturday night in Los Angeles.

There, at the fifth annual Los Angeles Invitational Track Meet, a skinny little high school kid who will not be 18 until March 9 ran two miles in 8 minutes and 46 seconds flat, breaking Kidd's record and completely shattering, obliterating, squashing and otherwise doing away with any U.S. citizens' records for boys running in men's races.

The youngster, Gerry Lindgren of Spokane, had caught the attention of track followers three weeks earlier when he won a two-mile race at a San Francisco indoor meet in 9 minutes flat, which was more than 20 seconds better than the previous best two miles ever run by a high schooler. Times get tedious, but in Los Angeles last weekend young Lindgren broke his own previous best by 14 seconds—which meant that he had lowered the American high school record by more than half a minute in just two tries. He is the best distance-running prospect America has ever had. He is better than Bruce Kidd was at the same age. He is a senior in high school, and it is hard to think of a senior in college who is as good as Lindgren.

This does not mean, however, that he is the best distance runner in the world—not yet, anyway. Lindgren finished second in his 8:46 race in Los Angeles. Ahead of him by 35 yards at the finish was Gaston Roelants, a handsome Belgian with a mustache, the world record holder in the 3,000-meter steeplechase and the favorite to win the steeplechase at the Olympics in Tokyo next fall. Unlike most European runners who come over in the winter for a spot of racing on the boards, Roelants was in superb competitive condition. He said that just the week before he had won a five-mile cross-country run in Belgium over a

continued

WELCOMING NEWCOMER To exclusive society of world-class runners, Roelants throws an arm over Lindgren's shoulder after record two-mile.



See the IX Winter Olympic Games— exclusively on ABC Television

Starting January 29 and continuing for twelve days, ABC Television will bring you the next best thing to a front row seat for the IX Winter Olympic Games in Innsbruck, Austria.

From the symbolic lighting of the Olympic flame to the closing ceremony, you'll see world champions in action—bobsledding, skiing, skating, hockey, tobogganing—every event in winter's greatest sports spectacle.

And you'll see them in close-up, with the excitement and drama that only television can achieve.

A complete program of each day's highlights will be produced on the spot in Innsbruck—fed electronically to an ABC unit in Frankfurt, sped to New York by jet—and in many cases be shown that

same night on your local ABC station.

Jim McKay, Curt Gowdy and Jim Simpson will be your on-the-spot commentators, assisted by experts Carol Heiss, Art Devlin, Stan Benham, Bob Beattie and Willy Schaeffler.

Here's the list of scheduled events. For time and channel number consult your local listings. (Times shown: EST.)

Jan. 29 10:00 pm—Opening ceremonies and previews

Jan. 30 10:00 pm—Pairs figure skating
Ladies' speed skating

Jan. 31 10:00 pm—Men's downhill skiing
Men's cross-country skiing, Hockey.

Feb. 1 3:30 pm—Special ski jump, Bobsledding, Ladies' figure skating, Hockey.

6:30 pm—Special ski jump finish

Feb. 2 3:00 pm—Ladies' slalom skiing, Bobsled finals, Ladies' cross-country, Hockey

Feb. 3 10:00 pm—Men's giant slalom, Ladies' figure skating.

Feb. 4 9:00 pm—Ladies' giant slalom, Combined ski jump, Toboggan finals

Feb. 5 10:00 pm—Hockey, Biathlon, Men's 500 meter speed skating, Men's school figure skating.

Feb. 6 9:00 pm—Toboggan finals, Men's and women's cross-country, Hockey.

Feb. 7 8:30 pm—Ladies' downhill, Men's speed skating, Men's figure skating.

Feb. 8 3:30 pm—Men's figure skating, 4-man bobsled finals, Hockey.

6:30 pm—Men's figure skating.

Feb. 9 3:00 pm—Men's slalom skiing

10:00 pm—Special ski jump, Olympic review

Feb. 10 11:15 pm—Closing ceremonies.

ABC Television Network 

How to kid yourself:

1. Think about dieting tomorrow
2. Just cut out desserts
3. Drink some low-calorie soda pop
4. Use a sugar substitute in coffee
5. Eat an occasional low-calorie meal
6. Decide to starve for a day or two
7. Buy elaborate exercising equipment
8. Skip breakfast some days
9. Try every fad diet that comes along
10. Wear clothes that hide your figure
11. Live on reducing pills
12. Drink skim milk occasionally
13. Simply avoid fried foods
14. Fill up on bulky foods
15. Etc., etc., etc.

How to lose weight:

1. Ask your doctor's advice
2. Use Metrecol

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Because case after case in clinical studies proves Metrecol works. Typical findings: weight losses of 2 to 6 pounds in a week, without feeling hungry. How much you lose is up to you. Millions have had satisfying results on just one or two Metrecol meals a day.

Because the many delicious new taste ideas in Metrecol liquids, wafers, and soups help you keep to your diet.

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TRACK & FIELD continued

course that was five inches deep in snow. Roelants is not only a fine runner and a true competitor; he has élan. He used to be a cop—one of his superiors was Roger Moëns, one of the best half-milers ever to poke a spike into cinder—but a few months ago Gaston said farewell to the policeman's lot and became a liquor salesman. He has not disclosed whether he grew his mustache before or after he began selling aperitifs, but it certainly is a dashing bit of foliage.

Roelants was the man to watch in the race, but young Lindgren ripped away from the start with a veteran's poise and took the lead on the backstretch of the first lap. Roelants followed in second place, and Julio Marin, a Costa Rican who used to run for the University of Southern California, was third. The first American of college age was Danny Murphy of San Jose State, who ran fourth for half the race, and the first American old enough to have grown-up worries was George Young, running fifth in his first serious race since he came down with ulcers a year ago when he was an insurance salesman. Young gave up coffee and selling, became a schoolteacher, calmed his ulcers and resumed running. Watching Lindgren may bring back George Young's ulcers.

The pacemaker

Lindgren set a brisk, steady pace, and the field followed. Pale, with a boyish face, he is only 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs but 118 pounds. One could not help but feel that he had taken the lead for a few laps just so the folks back home could see him on television. The crowd waited for Roelants to pass young Gerry, but Gaston the Belgian seemed content with the pace. When the time at the mile, the halfway point, was announced, the crowd understood why. Lindgren had passed it in 4:21.2, outstandingly fast time, a pace that would break Murray Halberg's arena record if repeated in the second half.

But that seemed Lindgren's high point, for Roelants moved up a lap later and took the lead away from the youngster. Marin moved past, too, and so did Young. Suddenly Lindgren found himself in fourth place. It seemed a shame but hardly surprising, and it appeared likely that he now would drift all the way back to last. But he held on to fourth place. With about four laps to go, Roelants picked up the pace and began to

pull away. Young moved past Marin into second place. Then, electrically, Lindgren sprinted. He passed Marin. As Roelants opened his lead to 10 yards, Lindgren duked Young. With a lap and a half to go and Roelants running away from the field, Lindgren slipped by Young and ran strongly the rest of the way home. The crowd roared its approval. Roelants, on his way to the arena record, a splendid 8:41.2 two-mile in his first U.S. indoor race, was almost unmovable.

After the race a group of Los Angeles Belgians gathered around Roelants, kissed him on both cheeks and presented him with a huge bouquet of flowers. Gaston held the bouquet high with his right hand and jogged around the track as everyone applauded. That was nice. Young Gerry Lindgren, looking as fresh as a sprinter, wandered into the infield, grinning with pleasure. He waved at someone in the crowd and bent over to take off his track shoes. An older runner, wearing a U.S. Olympic sweat suit, walked past him and, shaking his head in wonder, patted him affectionately as he went by. That was nice, too.

Later, Lindgren said he had taken the lead from the beginning because "I like to run my own race. That 4:21 was a little fast. I was aiming at 4:22," he added, seriously. "But I didn't have any special time for the whole race. I just wanted to get below nine minutes."

Lindgren broke a bone in his foot as a sophomore, and it bothered him again last spring. It was what he calls a "march" fracture, and he got it from running too much. He was on crutches for three weeks and then took it easy. Now the foot is fine. He is a senior at John Rogers High in Spokane and has just succeeded Maury Wills as the most famous athlete in the Inland Empire.

He intends to run in only one more indoor meet this year, the Golden Gate Invitational in San Francisco on Feb. 15. He has his eye on the Olympics, and his youth and diminutive size argue against too much competition too soon. Along with being chronologically young, he is very young-looking, in a crowd of teen-age boys Lindgren could pass for 14. Asked if he thought he might yet grow bigger, Gerry smiled and said, "I don't know. I guess not. But I don't care if I don't grow anymore."

Aside from Lindgren, the performers who caught one's eye at the Los Angeles meet were four toothsome girls from Texas and Pole Vaulter John Pennel.

continued

Can't live on a budget?

How often have you said to yourself: "It's hard enough to meet expenses let alone *save* money!"

You can do both—within your income—claim John and Alice Flaherty, well-known writers, lecturers and counselors on family money management. Their principles of spending-and-saving, together with dozens of practical tips, have been compiled in a booklet, "How to Make the Most of Your Family's Income"—and it's yours for the asking from New York Life.

"Pay Yourself First" is the Key. There's no "trick" to proper money managing, the authors point out, but there are several fundamentals. First, "it is important that you develop a sense of appreciation for your own income level." In addition, you must calculate on the basis of *net* income, and make it a rule to "pay yourself first"; that is, include a specified amount of savings, no matter how small, among your regular expenses.

It Takes Planning, Not Depriving. To help you start, the authors offer a guide, involving simple arithmetic, that shows how to "calendarize" expenses systematically, regardless of your income range. However, this plan is not a "tighten your belt" system, but includes such items as entertainment, gifts, vacations, as well as necessities.

It is not the authors' intention to lead you into a rigid system. Instead, their booklet helps you double-check where your money has been going and plan better for the future. Their experience and advice should prove most valuable to your family.

Helpful Advice—Yours Free. For your free copy of this helpful booklet send the coupon or ask your New York Life Agent. The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know.

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Pennel had to stop off in the Midwest on his way from Louisiana to Los Angeles and, to avoid carrying his vaulting poles with him everywhere he went, he sent them on ahead in care of an airline. Bad weather forced the plane to set down at an alternate landing site, where the poles (they were tucked under a row of seats) were overlooked. When last heard from they were headed for Indianapolis or Denver or Alaska. Pennel picked up a new pole from a manufacturer in Costa Mesa, just outside Los Angeles. But vaulting on untried fiber glass is an extremely tricky proposition, since each of the hyper-springy poles has its individual characteristics insofar as spring and snapback are concerned. C. K. Yang said, "They throw you this way. They throw you that way. You have to know the pole."

Pennel, the only 17-foot vaulter in captivity, missed on his first try at 15 feet (the beginning height for this field was limited to 16-foot vaulters), but he made the second. At 15 feet 6 inches he went straight up, hit the bar and came straight back down, landing half in the foam rubber of the pit and half on the hard floor. He jammed his heel and scraped his left shin against the wooden corner of the runway, drawing blood. He limped up and down for a while, went into the trainers' room, came out, limped some more and finally tried 15 feet 6 again. At the end of the runway, going full speed, he abandoned the attempt, let go his pole and did a perfect forward somersault onto and over the five-foot-high pile of foam rubber in the pit. Several minutes later he tried again and made it, and the crowd yelled as though he had done 18 feet. Then he vaulted 16 feet and then 16 feet 4½ inches to set a new American indoor record. All in all, it was a remarkable performance.

As for the girls, they run for the Texas Track Club. With their teased coiffures and lipstick and eye makeup, not to mention their trim figures and pretty legs, they look like a quartet of refugees from Disc Jockey Dick Clark's *American Bandstand*, the teen-age TV show. But they can run. One of them, a very blonde blonde named Mary Rose, won the women's 500-yard run. As she crossed the finish line a gallant official leaped out to catch her and, exhausted, she sagged in his arms. It is a thankless job, being a track official, but some days it is sort of fun.

END

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Swoosh—instant fresh breath.
That's new Lavoris Oral Spray.

Made for people who can't use mouthwash ten times a day—but know they ought to.

It gives you three—three—breath fresheners plus the germ-killing power of CPC. All concentrated in a tiny spray bottle you put in pocket or purse.

Stop worrying about bad breath—start carrying Lavoris Oral Spray. Less than 1¢ a swoosh!

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Walter Hagen

U.S. Open Champion 1914, 1919
PGA Champion 1921, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927
British Open Champion 1922, 1924, 1928, 1929



Three scientific types set out with high resolve for a low Mexican canyon, only to have their esprit deflate amid 300 mousetraps, a dozen jars of Cheez Whiz and one strawberry moussemaker by **BIL GILBERT**

EXPLORING-UGH!



Just as ladies in Victorian novels had no legs, there are some sports that one assumes exist without any unmentionable underpinnings of preparation. I had always believed exploring was one of these grand, pure pastimes. To explore, you simply get off a plane and meet John Wayne, who takes you to the place where Maureen O'Hara is held captive by Humphrey Bogart. The plague may take you, Wayne may knock you about for showing the white feather, Bogart may drink up the last of your vodka and tomato juice, but that's exploring. You just go out and explore.

Alas for illusion, three of us recently went off exploring in Central America. About all we discovered is that exploring is, so to speak, all underpinnings. The things that you have to do to explore are never much mentioned by explorers, but it turns out that they are just as important as a Victorian lady's legs.

Our destination in this rather remarkable venture was the mountains and jungles along the Mexican-Guatemalan border, and particularly El Sumidero—the great gorge of the Grijalva River. Besides wanting to explore, our motives were mixed. Norman Carver Jr., an architect-photographer, wanted to take pictures of Mayan ruins. Billy Rosenberger,

a University of Maryland student, wanted to collect beetles and girls. I wanted (what must be said is best said quickly) to trap mice. The Smithsonian Institution in Washington wanted the skins of several hundred Central American mice, I wanted to provide the Smithsonian Institution with the said skins of several hundred Central American mice and that is all I intend to tell you about that.

We three were aware that one of the most important pre-exploring requirements involves making courtesy calls on other explorers. This permits one to gather a large file cabinet of invaluable conflicting advice. We made one of our first pilgrimages of this sort to the lair of a U.S. Air Force survival officer, an expert in tropical disasters and dangers. He was a professorial sort, who measured out his opinions as if they were the last drops of fresh water on a crowded life raft.

"Ah," he mused after hearing our plans. "Along these rivers the jaguar, *Felis onca*, is often encountered. The jaguar is a large and occasionally aggressive animal."

"Yes, yes," we panted, waiting for a tip on how to improvise an anti-jaguar spear from a spare screwdriver.

"Do not molest the jaguar," our authority suggested. This became the slogan of our entire expedition. *continued*



Part of the challenge of assembling expert exploring advice is that no two answers to one query ever agree. It makes for a sort of surrealist version of twenty questions.

"The Grijalva River," says Veteran Archaeologist I, with a shudder. "A maelstrom. Our Indians called it Devil Water that Eats Men for Breakfast."

"The Grijalva River," says Veteran Archaeologist II. "Sluggish little stream, but pleasant in its way. Our boys called it Water to Take Sesta By."

Simultaneously with collecting hot tips on exploring, a would-be explorer must assemble his gear. The neophyte expects that after he has been properly accredited and introduced as an explorer he will purchase his genuine explorer's kit at an outfitter's establishment founded in the time of the Lewis and Clark expedition. He will be provided with rare and exotic items, which the average do not know exist. The truth is that exploring, or at least selling explorers' kits, has become a big, mass-market business. Supermarkets, hardware stores and many discount drugstores handle a confusing multitude of explorer-type items. We, for example, were astounded to learn that crocodile repellent is now available. We were hopelessly unprepared to choose the best variety from among three brand-name products and eventually settled, with no great assurance, on a case of the spray-on sort.

Our principal equipment consultant was the proprietor of a friendly neighborhood surplus store. "We want a few things," we said as casually as possible. "Getting ready an exploring kit. Going to attempt [attempt is a bona fide explorer word] El Sumidero, the formidable canyon of the—"

"Well, lotsalack," this merchandising menace interrupt-

ed. "We got just the item for you. Special this month. Portable Quonset hut. Eleven hundred ninety-six. Great value. Sold three of them to the Viet Cong last week."

"No, we'll be attempting some rough work. We want to keep our kit to the essentials."

"I get you. You want to keep your kit to the essentials. Smart idea. Lot of birds go off exploring with too much kit. I got just the thing for you, if you want to travel light. These aren't going to last. It's a lightweight strawberry mousse-maker, complete with dehydrated strawberries."

Or take the matter of guns. Except for Billy, who occasionally bags large moths with an air rifle, none of us had ever used a gun. However, we knew that if we were going to be explorers we would have to overcome this timidity. Part of the pleasure of exploring is purchasing one's first Purdy 470 elephant gun. So we assembled an arsenal, only to leave it behind after a warning from a mammalogist friend recently returned from one of the provinces we intended to visit.

"The army doesn't like strangers with guns down there," he said. "A drunk soldier came into town, stole a shotgun from a fellow. They caught him. Shot him."

"The soldier?"

"No, he was long gone. They shot the guy the soldier stole the gun from. The army claimed he didn't have the right kind of permit."

When eventually completed, our kit contained no weapons more lethal than 300 mousetraps. However, as far as soothing the suspicions of authorities went, we might as well have brought along a brace of rocket launchers. As soon as we reached the Mexican border we discovered that customs inspectors are the same the world over. They are pleasant and polite as long as things are regular. If they routinely inspect loads of cattle, native pottery or narcotics, they will deal promptly and efficiently with these cargoes, but beware of showing up with anything so out of the ordinary as a Volkswagen busload of explorer's kit.

"So, a folding canoe—it folds?"

"Yes."

"And unfolds?"

"Yes."

"Please fold and unfold the folding canoe."

"An inflatable rubber raft, now deflated. Please inflate and deflate."

"A machine for making strawberry mousse? A sweet? Please operate."

"These small devices which appear to be mousetraps?"

"They are mousetraps. Three hundred. We are a scientific expedition."

"We have granted that status, permitting the importation of the small jars of poison for crocodiles and insects. But 300 mousetraps! It would not seem that a true scientist, even a gringo, would fear mice so greatly. Please wait until the chief returns."

Once across the border, we headed directly for our base camp at the Hotel Bonampak in Tuxtla Gutiérrez, the cap-



ital of the Mexican state of Chiapas. The Bonampak is a rude compound consisting of a series of terraces, well-tended gardens, cocktail lounge, bar, three restaurants, coffee shop that serves excellent hot cakes and swimming pool decorated by exotic girls from Chicago and Los Angeles. In addition, the Bonampak is located across the street from the office of our chief guide, Pepe Camacho, the veteran public relations man for Chiapas. (We had quickly caught on to this new wrinkle in exploring. It is foolhardy to proceed until a PR man has cleared the way.)

Pepe is an impressive fellow, with the narrow-eyed look of one accustomed to studying the far *Horizon*, *Holiday* and *LIFE*. Pepe's first intelligence was disheartening. We had been promised that El Sumidero was unexplored territory, but six weeks before, while we had been learning to operate the strawberry mousse machine, a party from Utah had successfully attempted El Sumidero, running the entire canyon in rubber rafts.

"It was magnificent," Pepe recalled. "The air dark with helicopters, camera crews on the canyon rim, the Associated Press, the *National Geographic*. A magnificent feat. But," said Pepe, reluctantly returning from this sweet dreamland of press agency, "for you, my friends, it will be more difficult. You are second; perhaps smaller trade journals and travel brochures, but newswise the bloom is off the Grijalva. Then, too, both of the experienced girls have severe head colds. They will not wish to accompany you for at least a week."

"Girls?" Billy said, brightening. "Are they part of the deal?"

Pepe looked wondering. "But of course. Girls, in tight bathing suits, for the photographs." "They're sick?"

"Unfortunately, but then you would have to wait in any event. Our helicopter is at your disposal, it goes without saying, but at the moment the governor has taken the helicopter to Mexico City."

"When does he get back?"

"Ah, governors," Pepe sighed with some envy. "Who knows? Governors have no schedule. But perhaps you could still see the canyon from the air. The medical missionaries



from Ixtapa occasionally fly over it."

Ixtapa was a handkerchief-sized landing strip laid out on a precipitous mountainside, cluttered with shallow ravines and large boulders. The missionary group that operated the field was overhauling one plane, and the other was waiting at a jungle landing strip, socked in by fog and rain.

"Get one of the bush pilots to take you," the mission's chief mechanic advised, "but be careful which one you hire."

"Who's the best?"

"Captain Gomez from Comitán is the only one I'd fly with."

As we talked, we had been eying the twisted remains of a Cessna 180, which rested against a fire-blackened boulder.

"Who does that belong to?"

"Captain Gomez. He is not familiar with this strip, but he is still the only one I'd fly with—if I had to."

We decided to push ahead, to attempt El Sumidero by traditional methods, without public relations counsel, helicopters, bathing beauties and Captain Gomez. Sadly, as the sun sank behind the maramba bandstand, we broke our Bonampak camp. We established our advance assault base on a sandy beach of the Grijalva, 20 miles upstream from Tuxtla Gutiérrez. Though primitive in comparison with the Bonampak, the camp was habitable. A nearby Indian village provided an unfailing source of beer, Coca-Cola and guitar players. As a community service project, the local Lions Club had constructed a palm-thatched cabana on the Grijalva beach, which sheltered us from the fierce rays of the tropical sun.

Under these Spartan conditions we, along with a hundred or so Indian children, played out the final preparation drama of our assault on El Sumidero. The high point of these activities was the assembling of our foldboat. A foldboat is a marvelously ingenious craft, so seaworthy that at least one adventurer sailed his across the Atlantic. In retrospect it seems to us that the really impressive part of this feat was that to sail the ocean this man first had to put together his foldboat. A folded foldboat consists of two canvas bags holding bits of rubber, wood and a great jackstrawlike collection of curiously

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EXPLORING *continued*

shaped aluminum rods. From these rods one may construct a miniature Eiffel Tower, a waterwheel or a narrow-gauge railway. We tried all of these shapes before coming up with one that more or less resembled a canoe. Norman, whose architectural training has made him hypercritical in construction matters, was the only one dissatisfied with the finished, unfolded foldboat.

"What about those whatchamacallits there?" he asked, pointing to two left-over elbow-shaped lengths of aluminum tubing. "Shouldn't we work them in?"

"They don't fit anywhere," Billy said. "Flush them." Norman's fears were to prove unfounded. The pair of elbows served only to connect the bow and stern sections of the frame. In the fast water of the gorge we found that without these links we could bend the canoe at right angles around troublesome boulders. A patent on this foldboat refinement has been applied for.

With the raft and canoe launched, we began to check and load supplies. All 350 pounds of our gear were accounted for except the tin of dried food—"Remember, just six ounces of this and five gallons of water and you can feed a party of two for an entire day," our friendly surplus store man had touted.

"I left it at the Bonampak," Billy amiably explained, "but don't worry. You know that supermarket in Tuxtla? The one where what's-her-name works, Elena. Look what I got." Ceremoniously the ingenious young entomologist opened a bag and displayed a dozen jars of Cheez Whiz and a bale of soda crackers. "Just like we got in Bethesda," Billy said. "Why should we eat that mush?"

Thus loaded low to the gunwales with Cheez Whiz, we set off down the Grijalva. The foldboat began to fill with water almost immediately. However, we quickly were able to diagnose the problem. Norman's large hunting knife, one which he had worn faithfully from New Orleans to the Grijalva, had unaccountably been woven into the foldboat between the aluminum rods and the rubber skin of the craft. Repairing the rent, we moved along swiftly and camped that evening in a bamboo thicket at the mouth of El Samidero. From our camp

continued



Gene Sarazen, commentator for Shell's Wonderful World of Golf.

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we could hear the roar of the river ahead and watch the moonlight as it crept slowly down the sides of the cliffs. The canyon is 5,500 feet deep, and the walls from river's edge to rim are sheer—like straight, very straight up and down. At the time of the Spanish Conquest 1,200 defeated Indians availed themselves of El Sumidero to commit voluntary genocide. Rather than live as slaves, the warriors first threw their wives and children into the gorge, then leaped after them.

"How," asked Billy, eyeing the cliffs speculatively, "do we get out of here?"

"Get out?" we older, more thrill-oriented sports asked incredulously. "We're not in yet. Don't worry about details."

"I am worried. If there's any heavy lifting to be done, I know who's going to do it. I wonder when that helicopter's coming back."

In the morning we experienced a genuine explorer-type thrill. There were cat tracks all around our tent. We identified the trackmaker as either a very large Siamese cat or a very small jaguar.

"Whatever it is, it likes Cheez Whiz," said Norman, pointing out an uncapped jar that had been licked clean. From then on in El Sumidero we slept lightly and kept the Cheez Whiz in the tent.

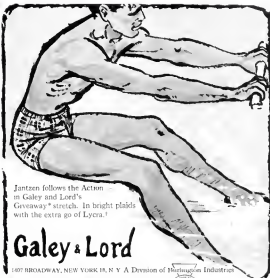
By the third day we had penetrated—an explorer's word meaning capsized, swum, crawled, dragged and fallen—several miles into the canyon. At this point we were stopped at a terrifying phenomenon that one might call a rapids if one were in the habit of speaking of Mount Everest as a hill. Tons of ferocious water poured over a 12-foot drop onto a hedgehog pattern of sharp ledges. Downstream there appeared to be still larger cataclysms, all designed on the same pattern.

"You're kidding," Billy said without laughing and retired to a high rock to watch for helicopters.

It was a hot, desolate, water-scoured, wind-whipped place. For three days we had been alone, seeing no human signs except for abandoned cornfields (Mayan milpas) far up on the rim and an occasional crumpled film carton or press release—droppings of the Utah party.

"Oh, oh," Billy warned, "here comes trouble."

continued



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EXPLORING *continued*

We turned in time to see a very small Indian man dressed in native costume, ragged Bermuda shorts and sleeveless undershirt materialize from the scree at the foot of the cliff. He carried a battered single-shot .22 rifle and was followed by two dogs. Freely translated, the group conversation was as follows:

"Good morning. Beautiful day. I am Rafael, a hunter."

"What do you hunt?"

"How do you get out of this joint?"

"I hunt jaguars. It is difficult to get out."

"You hunt jaguars with that gun?"

"How do you get to a road?"

"Yes, with this gun. The dogs help me. They are very brave. Do you care for a jaguar-skin souvenir of Chiapas? There are no roads. It is a political thing. The governor of this state thinks only of helicopters."



"Would you like some Cheez Whiz?"
"Is the river worse below?"

"Many thanks, but I have some Cheez Whiz. My cousin who lives below says the river is worse there. I do not go there. Do you know Oakland, California? I have a cousin who lives there. I hope to go there."

The invaluable information provided by Rafael immediately cast a new light on the expedition.

"Certainly we can do it, but since we would only be second. . . ."

"And there won't necessarily be any Mayan ruins. . . ."

"And there aren't any girls to take pictures of. . . ."

"Let's flush it."

We then learned another of the hard lessons of exploring. It is often even more difficult to stop exploring than it is to begin, especially when this involves pulling a partially folded foldboat, a rubber raft, 300 mousetraps and a mousser-maker upstream against a river such as the Grijalva. Eventually Rafael took pity on us and sent a squad of his children down to the river. They dragged us back to the Lions Club cahana, just as our Cheez Whiz ran out. We regrouped and fell back smartly some 600 miles to Vera Cruz, convalescing there during Mardi Gras. From then on exploring was a snap. We had no trouble until reaching Falls Church, Va., where we became somewhat confused on a newly opened freeway cloverleaf. We were immediately stopped by a highway patrolman. The officer peered suspiciously at our explorer-type beards and our explorer-type kit, which we had only partially covered with our explorer-type jaguar skin.

"Whadaya guys think you're doing?"

"We're going home."

"From where?"

"Well, we've been exploring."

"Exploring what?"

"El Sumidero, the formidable canyon of the Grijalva River."

"Awright, awright. Where you trying to get to now?"

"Bethesda."

"You're going the wrong way on a one-way expressway headed toward Richmond. Follow me. I'll get you out."

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Sports
Illustrated

YESTERDAY

The Biggest Bargain in Boxing

A warm summer night and a free middleweight bout produced the largest crowd ever at ringside.

by HAROLD ROSENTHAL

The name of the lodge official who first thought up the idea is buried somewhere in the files of the Grand Aerie of the Fraternal Order of Eagles. He suggested a prizefight as free entertainment for the delegates to the 1941 convention in Milwaukee, but he really did not know what he was starting. What was intended as an evening's diversion for a few thousand conventioners drew the greatest fight crowd in history.

The Eagles, big in Milwaukee (they still throw an annual athlete-of-the-year dinner in that city), suggested the idea to the Palst beer people, who liked it. Tony Zale was a big favorite in the Midwest, and he was the first name to come to mind. Fighting for the local promoter, Billy Mitchell, Zale had knocked out Tony Martin that New Year's Day. Milwaukeeans rode the North Shore line down to Chicago whenever the former steel worker from Gary, Ind., put on one of his windmill performances. Zale was the NBA's middleweight champion, having beaten Al Hostak the previous year. For \$2,000, he agreed to fight anyone the Eagles could book.

They scouted around and came up with a journeyman boxer out of Colorado named Billy Pryor. Pryor agreed to 10 rounds worth of Zale for \$750 and a couple of round-trip tickets from Barberson, Ohio. Jack Dempsey took the refereeing assignment for \$500.

On the night of Aug. 16, a Saturday, the Eagles were ready with their free show in Milwaukee's Juncau Park. The arrangements committee figured 10,000

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Boxing's Biggest Bargain *(continued)*

cents would do it. All it missed by was an estimated \$25,000.

From every section of Milwaukee and from every suburb, people converged on the park. Local police officials had never seen anything like it. They were afraid so huge a crowd might get out of hand it flowed like heavy syrup around the raised ringside area, spread out for a quarter of a mile in the natural amphitheater, oozed up the hill to the drive where the buses arrived and filled every inch of the bluff overlooking the scene.

There were a few underneath bouts, fours and sixers, and then Zale-Pryor. Before it went on, the crowd got an unscheduled belly laugh. A Chicago announcer had been imported for the occasion, supplanting a local man who was aggrieved at being out of pocket and the limelight. The Chicago announcer, introducing celebrities, found the name of the Wisconsin governor, the late Julius Heil, on a slip in his hand. He bent over a ring rope and asked the first man he saw how it was pronounced. The man was the fellow whose job he had usurped.

"Pronounce it 'heel,'" he was advised. He did, and the roar could be heard halfway up to Green Bay.

The fight was a good one, with the underdog knocking the champ down twice. A Zale on the canvas was not a Zale finished for the evening, as a great many fighters who came after Pryor were to learn. For every time Pryor knocked him down, Zale floored him 4.5 times, an unfortunate ratio. No title was at stake (for anything else except a kindly feeling toward Pabst beer), and the freefloating crowd got more than its nonmoney's worth. In the ninth round, Pryor was knocked down for the ninth and last time.

Fireworks on the lake followed and then the greatest mass movement in Milwaukee's history began. Those who had been stuck with an inferior view were first; the people close to the ring had to wait almost an hour until they could leave.

There were no incidents, and the police went home to bed and an occasional nightmare about pame sweeping a crowd of 135,000.

The entire show cost about \$14,000, and the beer people were pleased at having been able to furnish this immense crowd with an evening's entertainment at an estimated 10¢ a head.

END

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. MICHIGAN (12-1)
2. LOUISVILLE (10-4) 3. WICHITA (10-3)

Who would have believed it? The Missouri Valley race was barely under way and already Cincinnati was almost out of it. First BRADLEY, with great shooting from Joe Steward (33 points) and Levern Tart (24 points), whipped the Bearcats 87-77 for their first MVC loss ever (after 41 straight) at home. Then DRAKE broke through Cincy's usually reliable slowdown tactics and beat them in overtime 76-66 at Des Moines. Said Cincinnati's troubled Ed Jucker sadly, "Everybody is sky-high for us. They can't wait to meet us."

With Cincinnati floundering, WICHITA was the team to beat in the MVC. The Shockers bothered St. Louis with their zone press and beat the Bills 69-56. North Texas succumbed to Wichita 90-70.

MICHIGAN's high standing in the Big Ten (see page 26) was no surprise, but OKLAHOMA STATE's lofty stature in the Big Eight was. The cautious Cowboys put Jim King on Kansas State's Willie Murrell and King held him to a mere six points. Oklahoma State won 77-58.

With Loyola idle, Chicagoland was booming over undefeated DE PAUL. The hot-rodding Blue Demons slowed down a bit for Dayton, gave the ball to skillful dribbler Emmette Bryant for a late stall and beat the Flyers 89-83. XAVIER, too, was going great guns—in 80-79 win over Louisville—until VILLANOVA came to town. Xavier thought it had the game won when the Cats lost Wally Jones on fouls, but Bill Melchioni led Villanova to a 90-88 victory.

CREIGHTON got another big effort from Paul Silas, the country's leading rebounder, and trounced New Mexico State 99-73. DETROIT's Dick Dolk, the No. 2 rebounder last week, could not match 47 points by Notre Dame's Larry Sheffield, but he got 26 and the Titans won 114-104.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. VILLANOVA (12-0)
2. ST. BONAVENTURE (10-2) 3. LA SALLE (10-0)

It was an uncomfortable week for the East's best teams. Villanova managed to survive, but St. Bonaventure and La Salle were beaten. CANISUS, an in-and-out under all season, held St. Bonaventure's Fred Crawford to 14 points, fouling the stage for victory. Then four late foul shots by Frank Swiatek and John Brennan beat the Bonnies 78-75.

DUQUETTE hopped all over La Salle and clobbered the Explorers 89-58. Willie Som-

erset, a chunky little driver and jump shooter, scored 25 points, and a wearing half-and-full-court press—including a first-rate job on La Salle's Frank Corace by Willie Ross—did the rest.

PRINCETON's smooth Bill Bradley put on quite a show at Ithaca. He poured in 49 points for a new Ivy League record as the Tigers edged Cornell 87-82. Bradley got 36 more against COLUMBIA—so become the nation's No. 2 scorer with a 32.9 average—but the hustling Lions upset Princeton 69-66.

ST. JOSEPH's, over its early-season jitters, beat Seton Hall 83-76 and Wake Forest 73-64 for its fourth and fifth straight. ARMY, too, rapped Seton Hall 90-76 while TEMPLE put down Bucknell 72-65. St. JOHN's defeated old rival St. Francis 62-49, and NAVY surprised Georgetown 67-64.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. DAVIDSON (14-0)
2. VANDERBILT (10-4) 3. KENTUCKY (10-2)

Everybody now knows that unbeaten DAVIDSON just loves to run and shoot. But the restless Wildcats, caught up in an unexpectedly close battle with Richmond, went to an

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CREIGHTON



DICK DOLK
DETROIT

uncomfested stall to force the Spiders out of their pesky zone defense. Then, while Davidson dawdled with the ball, Richmond stubbornly stood its ground—for the last 13 minutes of the game. The Wildcats took only one shot—it missed—and scored four points on fouls. They barely beat the Spiders 52-49. Reasoned Richmond's Lewie Mills, "If we had come out of the zone, we might have been beaten to death."

Davidson's troubles gave VIRGINIA TECH hope in the Southern Conference race, especially when Howard Pardue's long jump shots (for 20 points) led the Gobblers past William & Mary 73-66, and sophomore sub

John Wictrel's short jumper with 10 seconds to go caught North Carolina 90-88 in double overtime.

NORTH CAROLINA, however, had better luck in its own Atlantic Coast Conference. With talented Billy Cunningham on a scoring and rebounding spree, the Tar Heels put down Maryland 97-88 and North Carolina State 79-71. Cunningham scored 40 points and picked off 28 rebounds against the young Terps and then evaded State's box-and-one and 1-3-3 zones for 27 points.

The zone defense was all the rage in the South last week, even at KENTUCKY, where once Adolph Rupp had assured all who would listen that never, but never, would they see it played by a Kentucky team in Lexington. Last Saturday Rupp's Wildcats went at Tennessee's carefully disciplined 1-3-1 attack with a 1-3-1 zone—in Lexington. Sophomore Tommy Kron, playing the point, held Tennessee's Danny Schultz to 11 points and disrupted the Vols' entire offense. That, along with Cotton Nash's 23 points and three key steals in the closing minutes, gave Kentucky a 66-57 victory. But The Baron was reluctant to call his obvious zone a zone. Said he, in his best Stengleese, "It was a transitional and shifting man-to-man backed by a hyperbolic paraboloid between the ball and the basket."

Tennessee's loss left GEORGIA TECH, an easy 59-45 winner over Mississippi State, all alone in first place in the Southeastern Conference. But State's Bube McCarthy was unimpressed. "I think Vanderbilt is 15 points better than Tech," he said candidly, and then predicted that Vandy would win the conference title. VANDERBILT, meanwhile, beat Mississippi 88-81, while Tech lost to LOUISVILLE 65-59.

MIAMI, maddling along nine points behind Memphis State, suddenly rallied behind slick Rick Barry (24 points, 23 rebounds) to beat the visiting Tigers 78-69.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UCLA (10-0)
2. OREGON STATE (14-0) 3. UTAH STATE (10-2)

"They just keep that press always at your throat, then they blitz and you're bombed out." That was a shocked Howie Dallmar speaking last Friday after his Stanford team lost to UCLA. The Bruins, ahead by only 65-60 midway in the second half, had hardly looked terrifying. Then, all of a sudden, they were off and running. With Walt Hazzard deftly handling the show, they scored 11 points in 10 seconds and left the startled Indians for dead. UCLA won 84-71. The next night the blitz came earlier. Hazzard and Gail Goodrich just zoomed UCLA to a cozy 22-12 lead in the first eight minutes and the Bruins went on to win 80-61.

Meanwhile UCLA's Big Six competition did not look threatening. Second-place CALIFORNIA (5-1 now) took USC twice, 65-64 and 65-47, while up north WASHINGTON STATE and WASHINGTON split a pair of

continued



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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

games. State won 61-59, then lost to the Huskies 63-61.

For 10 straight days OREGON diligently practiced a game plan for Oregon State. The Ducks plotted a tight zone, with 6-foot-4 Larry Cooley tracking State's 7-foot Mel Counts, and a strict half-court game. It worked beautifully. Counts got 26 points, but the other Beavers could not find the basket, and sophomore Guard Jim Barnett shot Oregon to a 47-45 victory. Then the plan went awry Saturday night at Corvallis. Counts broke up Oregon's zone with 38 points and OREGON STATE won 66-53.

It was a sad week for Arizona's entries in the Western AC. NEW MEXICO, playing a deliberate game and a harassing defense for all it was worth, knocked off Arizona 59-50 and Arizona State 63-54. WYOMING beat the Sun Devils 87-82 and then Arizona 71-69. Utah, however, ran into an old friend in Honolulu and regretted it. Gary Cook, a 6-foot-8 center who had warmed the Red-skin bench as a sophomore and then quit in disgust, scored 30 points as HAWAII upset the Utes 80-63. It was enough to get Coach Jack Gardner out of a sick bed and back on the bench. The sight of Gardner must have upset Cook. The next night he scored only nine points and UTAH won 67-61.

UTAH STATE gave its big Wayne Estes the ball against Montana and then stood back to watch the fun. He shot in 42 points as the Aggies romped 99-70.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS WESTERN (16-1)
2. TEXAS A&M (16-4) 3. OKLAHOMA CITY (16-4)

Most Southwest teams, including Texas Western and all eight SWC combatants, bowed themselves with midterm exams, but Oklahoma City was brought up short by a couple of upstarts. First HARDIN-SIMMONS, usually a lightweight in Southwest basketball circles, whipped the Chiefs 87-74 with a tough defense and Nate Madkins' 28 points as OCU's Bud Koper went off to the hospital for 30 stitches to repair a cut over his eye. Three nights later NEBRASKA got ahead of the tall Chiefs at Lincoln, then sat on the ball for the last five minutes to wait out a 74-65 victory. "Everybody's getting ahead and holding the ball," complained Oklahoma City's Abe Lemons. "Draw the foul and ride the game out is the motto."

While Lemons grumbled about the newest trend in college basketball, HOUSTON's Guy Lew is liked it just fine. "Sure, we run a delay game," he said, "but when we do it, we're waiting for the defense to make a mistake. We're trying to score—not just shoot." Lewis' team was doing both quite well. After a so-so start his Cougars, attacking deliberately and pressing hard on defense, had won eight of their last 11 games. The latest: a 93-64 trouncing of Southwestern for their fifth straight.

END



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

CRACK IN THE PLASTER

Sirs:

I just can't believe that Jack Dempsey's gloves were loaded, even though his manager, Jack (Doc) Kearns, says that they were (*He Didn't Know the Gloves Were Loaded*, Jan. 13). Kearns, known by his own admission for his cheating ways, shouldn't be counted on to tell the truth. It is possible that Willard was in poor shape for the fight and, obviously, Dempsey was in excellent condition. This could have been the reason for the terrible beating.

SEVEN MARK

Wilmington, Del.

Sirs:

Don't you believe it. I saw Jack Dempsey in action in the early '30s when he was way past his prime, but making a comeback effort. He whipped four men in four rounds at Sioux Falls, S. Dak. One man, a big, tough fellow of about 250 pounds, was knocked kicking by Dempsey's short chops to the jaw after he tried to lean on Jack and tire him out. The big fellow made a speech to the crowd afterward. "If anyone tells you Jack Dempsey can't hit anymore, you tell them for me that they're crazy," he said.

In my book Jack Dempsey was the everlasting best.

HARRY E. CHRISMAN

Liberal, Kans.

Sirs:

In the winter of 1917-18, Jess Willard came to the Army camp where I was stationed and put on a four-round boxing exhibition with our camp champion for the entertainment of our soldiers. There were a couple of fellows in our outfit who had freighted with Jess in the Dakotas, hauling merchandise over the prairie with mule teams, so we took a keen interest in the bout. Jess was always a big and powerful man and his uppercut, which seemed to rise up from the floor, would devastate anyone who got in its way. But he was then so overweight and so slow and clumsy that he tripped a couple of times on the canvas and nearly fell. There was never any doubt in my mind that Dempsey could beat him. In fact, I always thought that there were a couple of other heavyweights who could have done the same.

GEORGE CLINE

Tipton, Ind.

Sirs:

I hardly believe it possible that Jack's fists could have been encased in concrete shells in the short time there was after the gloves were placed on his hands. In any case, it is all beside the point, because in my mind there is no doubt that Dempsey could have

beaten any fighter that ever lived that day in Toledo.

RALPH W. ECKINS

Springfield, Mo.

Sirs:

I am disgusted with all this hokum about Jack Dempsey having loaded gloves when he fought Jess Willard. Just because a fighter receives a terrific beating doesn't mean that the fighter that gave it to him had rocks in his gloves. Did Joe Louis have loaded gloves when he fought Max Baer? Of course he didn't.

MIKE BEVINS

Ardmore, Okla.

Sirs:

I bandaged my fist, soaked the bandage with water and sprinkled it with an ample amount of plaster of paris and worked it well into the bandages, then I covered my fist with a turkish towel to let it dry. When the plaster of paris began to set, the bandage got hot. It took about 45 minutes to dry, but it was far from being a lethal weapon.

I then started punching a hassock which I felt was about as hard as any fighter. After the first punch the plaster was anything but hard. After three punches it was almost back to a powder form.

JOSEPH MALIK

Berwyn, Ill.

Sirs:

Perhaps Jack Kearns did convince that by loading Dempsey's gloves he had staged the greatest steal in boxing history that July 4, 1919 in Toledo. His ability in duplicity and trickery was exceptional but his ignorance of plaster of paris was even more so. Soggy bandages, rather than concrete block busters, were probably created by his sprinkling this powder on Dempsey's water-soaked hand wrappings. As an orthopedic surgeon, experienced in the usage of such plaster from 1918 to the present time, I challenge his results.

Plaster of paris is anhydrous calcium sulfate which, by the addition of water, crystallizes into rocklike hardness. Under the direct vision of Willard's chief second, Kearns could not have made a paste thick enough to be effective and, more important, the wet plaster could not have been kept in one position sufficiently long to harden—in this instance at least 10 to 20 minutes. If Dempsey's fingers had remained extended as the plaster hardened, he could not have made a fist and, similarly, had the plaster hardened when his fingers were tightly closed he could not have straightened them. Also, Kearns stated that he "cracked off" the bandages; this would have been an impos-

sibility with such tough cotton wrappings.

To prove these conclusions I put on regulation bandages, soaked one hand in water and then applied a generous amount of plaster of paris over the knuckles. After a wait of 10 minutes I put on boxing gloves and tested them against a heavy leather punching bag by a break workout. The plaster did not harden but became granular and did not remain in place. The bandages could be removed only by unwrapping or cutting. My snugly wrapped, dry hand appeared to be superior and to have more punching power.

Without question the plaster of paris never hardened over Dempsey's knuckles and added little, if anything, to the lethal authority of Dempsey's fists.

HAROLD M. CHIDDESS, M.D.

Jamestown, N.Y.

SCHOOL FOR SKEPTICS

Sirs:

Congratulations on your fine article on Davidson, the small college that made good in big-time basketball (*Five Tall Strangers Skoor 'Em Up*, Jan. 13).

It is heartening to see a school with such a fine academic record receive recognition of this sort. Seldom do schools produce so much in the field of athletic competition without sacrificing their academic principles. Let those skeptics who felt the two could not be combined now take heart.

HAL TODD

Mexico, Mo.

Sirs:

We students at Davidson are delighted to be recognized for something other than our beautiful campus and our high academic quality. Bob Ditum painted a most accurate picture, but he failed to note one important consideration about the team: three of the starting five are juniors and one is only a sophomore. So, with Captain Jerry Hottel being the only starter to graduate, Davidson will be shooting 'em up next year, too.

WAYNE RHODES

Davidson, N.C.

Sirs:

I see where your BASKETBALL'S WEEK editors have finally come to their senses and picked Davidson as No. 1 in the South! Hurrah for the Wildcats!

BILL ADAMS

Ardan, N.C.

ACT YOUR GAUGE

Sirs:

In your January 6 issue a picture of Governor Pat Brown and Chief Justice Earl Warren on a duck hunt showed Mr. Warren holding a small-gauge shotgun that a Mr.

continued



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10TH MOLE

William Oliver (19th Hole, Jan. 1) called a "boy beginner's gun."

I would like to point out to Mr. Oliver that it is not the gauge of the gun that counts—but the shooter's ability to hit with the smaller gauge.

The big difference, of course, between the 12 and the 28 or .410 is the size and force of the shot pattern. Therefore the smaller the shot pattern the better the shooter it takes to bring down the game.

The trend of the "true sportsman" is toward the smaller-gauge guns.

HAROLD R. REED

Richmond, Calif.

POPULARITY CONTEST?

Sirs:

I was highly incensed after reading about the new method of selecting our Olympic track team in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (Dec. 16). I disagree with the U.S. Olympic track and field committee and Mr. David Hovson (19th Hole, Jan. 6) on their stand. What do they want to do, turn the Olympics into a popularity contest? The purpose of the Olympics—and all track and field, for that matter—is to encourage competition and a striving for excellence according to the tradition of the ancient Greeks. The old system gave an equal chance not only to the fittest, but also to the unknown, and prevented an established star from resting on his laurels. At the finals in Japan the winner will not be chosen by a group of judges according to his name or past performances. There will be only two judges: the stopwatch and the tape measure.

PETER A. DOWNBROOK

Milwaukee

PROVINCIAL PRIDE

Sirs:

As a charter subscriber to and faithful reader of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, I find very little faith with your magazine. However, Alfred Wright's flagrant slighting of Paul Hamey in his article (*Off at L.A. with a Clunk*, *Clunk*, Jan. 13) cannot go unchallenged by this admirer of Paul's golfing prowess. Perhaps we central Massachusetts golf fans take a provincial pride in Hamey, but you must recognize his consistency as a money winner and the fine, sometimes spectacular golf of which he is capable.

The relating of the winter-over practices of professional golfdom's big guns and its precocious sophomores was interesting, to be sure, but when done to the extent that Hamey's winning of the Los Angeles Open has to be relegated to the last, short paragraph in the article, then I must do protest. Please don't overlook the fact that Paul started out as the leading money winner of 1964.

FRANCIS P. CASHIN

Auburn, Miss.

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